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THE WAR.

THREE has been a pause this week in the operations of the Germans against Paris, but we are informed that their heavy guns are now nearly ready, and then the great contest will really begin. That the siege may last a long time seems as probable to the besiegers as to every one else, and every possible arrangement is being made to meet the contingencies of a winter campaign. Among other prudent measures, the German Government has ordered from England, it is said, the blankets without which the besiegers could as little continue the siege as the French could go on fighting without the arms for supplying a small portion of which England is so bitterly reproached by Germany. For the moment, however, the chief interest of the siege lies in what is going on inside, not outside, Paris. The population appear to be in high spirits. They conceive that the Germans have been driven back by the fire from the forts, and do not seem to care to speculate how it is that the forts have not as yet been exposed to any serious attack in return. General THOUVENOT, however, does not appear to like to trust his troops outside the enceinte, and, according to the latest intelligence brought by an enthusiastic traveller in a balloon, the 560,000 fighting men of Paris are waiting for support from the provinces to take the offensive. During this pause in active operations, the information which it is most important to obtain is that which relates to the force of the capital and to the real state of its supplies. The Government has now taken the distribution of meat and bread entirely into its own hands. It settles how many animals shall be killed daily, it has ordered all the holders of flour to make their stock over to the authorities at a reasonable price, and it fixes the price at which meat and bread shall be sold. About one-third less meat is allowed to be consumed daily than is consumed in ordinary times, and at this rate it is calculated that the supply could be made to last six or seven weeks, and this does not include the salted meat and horseflesh. Paris can, therefore, reckon on enough meat for perhaps a little more than two months. There are, however, many uncertainties in such a calculation, for the data of which we are indebted to a Correspondent of the *Daily News*, which journal continues to maintain its uncontested superiority in all information regarding the war. Even at the best restaurants, where money is freely spent, it appears to be very difficult to get as much meat as is asked for, and the horses are already being killed off rapidly; so that when the oxen and sheep are at an end, there will only be a limited number of horses to fall back on. The quantity of flour now existing in Paris is probably only known to the authorities; but the consumption of bread cannot be checked as that of meat can, and at present Paris consumes daily, it would seem, as much bread as in ordinary times. The price of meat and bread is kept comparatively low, as the immense population could not go on if its daily food were not within the reach of the poor. The price of meat averages little more than a shilling a pound, and the equivalent of the English quartern loaf is sold at ninepence; so that the Parisian poor have not to pay more now than Londoners often pay in times of peace. Supposing the investment of Paris continues, and the Germans do not previously force a capitulation by the superiority of their artillery, Paris, it may perhaps be roughly calculated, could go on till the end of November without its population suffering any serious inconvenience from want of food. But when once the supply runs short, it will run short very rapidly, if the present plan of allowing the population enough food at moderate prices is persevered in. If the information furnished to the English public may be trusted, Paris has still about six weeks during which, without running the risk of starvation, it may hope either to be relieved by a force coming from the pro-

vinces, or to beat off the besiegers; but it may be doubted whether it could hold out longer without its inhabitants being subjected to great suffering.

Whether Metz is in immediate danger of starvation no one can pretend to say. All the accounts which BAZAINE suffers to be published naturally paint the garrison and the civil population as alike happy, contented, and well fed. The Germans only know what prisoners and deserters choose to tell them, and neither prisoners, who make the best of things to discourage their captors, nor deserters, who make the worst of things in order to gain a welcome, can be trusted. All that is known is that BAZAINE, whether driven by stress of famine, or thinking that he had a chance of success, made a most vigorous sortie at the end of last week. This sortie appears to have been well planned and energetically executed. The Germans were in fact taken by surprise; but the regiments that were surprised belonged to the Landwehr, and these famous troops showed their usual resolution and obstinate courage. They fought on and on, retreating slowly and contesting every inch of ground, until at last reinforcements came up and the French were driven back under the shelter of their forts. BAZAINE is said to have endeavoured to animate the spirits of the troops by representing such sallies as a means of taking pleasant exercise, and of annoying the besiegers without much risk. It is difficult to know whether these were his real thoughts. Either he really wishes to get out or he does not. If he could escape from Metz, his presence in the south of France might perhaps do more good to the national cause than it could do in Metz. What is wanted at Tours above all things is a general in whom the raw civilian soldiery will have confidence; and however much the present Government might be disinclined to trust a political opponent with a supreme command, the soldiers themselves would probably demand to be led by the only general they know of who would not involve them in immediate disaster. But if BAZAINE wishes not only to escape himself, but to take with him a considerable part of his army, he would obviously be exposing the troops he had under his command to an immense risk. They must be much inferior in numbers to the force the Germans would send in pursuit of them, and they would be attacked by the overwhelming strength of the German cavalry. Metz might probably be successfully defended by the civilian soldiers that would be left in it, and by the regular troops that did not take part in the sortie. But the Germans would be proportionately relieved from the necessity of guarding against a serious attack from the besieged. Their task in investing Metz would be lightened by the escape of BAZAINE and half his army, and if the portion of the army that escaped were cut to pieces, as might easily happen before it could reach a place of safety, the effect of a successful sortie would be on the whole most disastrous. If, therefore, he is in no want of provisions, he may reasonably think that he could do more to aid Paris by staying in Metz than by getting out of it now; and if this is so, the sortie of last week, vigorous as it was, and prodigal as was the consumption of French ammunition by which it was accompanied, could only have been seriously intended to succeed if it was prompted by an apprehension of coming famine.

Paris is looking to the provinces for aid, and the provinces do something to fulfil the expectations of the capital, but not much. A force numbering, according to the German estimate, 14,000 men, and consisting partly of *Francs-tireurs* and partly of regular troops, had been got together in the east of France when it was attacked by a much smaller force of Germans. These Germans were Badeners, and two months ago it would have been thought inconceivable that even a numerically superior force of Badeners should beat any part of the French

army. But the Badeners, although only half as strong in men as the enemy, attacked the French without hesitation, carried three villages at the point of the bayonet, repulsed three vigorous onslaughts of the French, and took 600 unwounded prisoners. The uniform defeat of the French by the Germans, even where the Germans engaged are of what used to be thought a second-rate quality, is one of the most astonishing features of this astonishing war. So much for the army of the East. The army of Lyons continues apparently unable to struggle into existence. People in Lyons say it is at Besançon, but those who have taken the trouble to go to Besançon to look for it have found that it has never been heard of there. The army of the Loire, if such a name can be bestowed on a few thousand raw novices got together under the command of a series of generals superseded day by day for incapacity, has been defeated by a small German force detached from the main army besieging Paris, was routed in one day's fighting, and driven into the Forest of Orleans, and on the next day was driven out of Orleans itself. Curiously enough the chief struggle is said to have taken place round the statue of the MAID OF ORLEANS; but the spirit or the good fortune of JOAN OF ARC has not descended on modern France, and the invaders of the country met with no one that could withstand them. In the parts of France overrun by the German troops there continues to be shown in some places a conspicuous gallantry, in others a sensible appreciation of the inutility of struggling. Meanwhile the character of the struggle gets daily more bitter. The village of Ablis has been burnt, because, after it had surrendered, some of the German soldiers occupying the place were murdered in their sleep by the peasants, and the French threaten to retaliate whenever they get any German prisoners into their hands. France seems for the moment unable to get together the nucleus of a regular army in the provinces, and irregular forces operating without common concert or design, and only in small numbers, can do nothing effectual to relieve Paris. GARIBALDI brings with him a name and nothing more to the aid of the Republic he loves. He is ill, he is totally unfit for regular warfare, he knows nothing of the duties of a general in command of a large army, and he is looked on as the most dangerous and wicked of men by such persons as General CHARETTE and the Pontifical Zouaves, whose aid in the moment of need has been tendered to and accepted by the Government. M. GAMBETTA at the head of affairs, sending GARIBALDI here and the champions of the temporal power there, offers to the imagination as strange a combination as could be formed. But although he and his curious allies or subordinates are all animated with the most intense desire to think of nothing but France and of her interests, it is impossible that elements so discordant should long cohere, unless they are welded together for a time by a success which they share. At present we cannot see anywhere a bright spot in the fortunes of France; but the courage and resources of the French people are so great, and their feelings of hatred against the invaders are now so intense, that it is impossible to say that a change may not take place; and if once any considerable body of French troops could gain even the smallest advantage over a German force in a fair fight, the effect would be so great in reviving the confidence of the French, that the nation might really put forth the great power it undoubtedly possesses.

ABUSE OF ENGLAND BY THE BELLIGERENTS.

THE *Times* lately published in the same column, under the title "Difficulties of Neutrality," two abusive letters respectively expressing the irritation of France and of Germany at the neutrality of England. Any Englishman who desires further to study the spiteful remarks which may be made against his country may gratify his morbid curiosity with the aid of almost any file of American papers. The *New York Times*, justly regarded as one of the ablest and most respectable of the daily journals, has once or twice a week since the commencement of the war devoted an elaborate article to the denunciation of the egotism, the meanness, and the weakness of English neutrality. It is true that intervention on either side would have been censured with equal bitterness, and that for more than ninety years the conduct of England in peace and in war has been with uninterrupted consistency condemned by American critics; but in this instance, although the unfriendly feeling is generated at home, the charges and the arguments are imported from Germany and from France. There is no doubt that in both countries England is at present regarded with an angry contempt, unconsciously tintured with

envy. The satisfaction with which the Epicurean poet regarded from the shore the labours of the sea-tossed sailor is naturally not reciprocal. At present the complacent contrast is not so much felt by the spectator as it is imputed to him by the irritated fancy of the sufferer. "Why," he may be supposed to ask, "did not that comfortable idler prevent me from 'putting to sea in bad weather?' and at least he might run 'out the life-boat.'" The most plausible of the German complaints is that the English Government neglected the opportunity of preventing the war by the menace of taking part against the aggressor. Lord GRANVILLE, it is said, almost seemed to sanction the original demand of the French Government; and when, in deference to his remonstrances, the HÖHENZOLLERN candidature was withdrawn, he ought to have given notice to the Emperor NAPOLEON that in prosecuting the quarrel further he would find England on the side of Germany. It is not improbable that such a representation would have been effectual; and later experience has shown that, if the threat had been followed by a rupture with France, England would have reaped any advantage which might have accrued to the ally of the stronger belligerent.

Forty or fifty years ago such a course might probably have been adopted, because it was understood that every great Power, and especially England, was bound at all times to guarantee the peace of Europe and the balance of power. The progress of opinion has greatly facilitated the outbreak of war, by practically securing aggressors against the intervention of impartial bystanders. Prussia profited by the modern doctrine or practice in 1864; and assuredly no German statesman expected the aid of England in the present war. If Governments were exclusively influenced by a sense of justice, the union of the community of nations against every wrongdoer would discourage war. In two conspicuous modern instances the aggressor has been wantonly and undeniably in the wrong; and yet England has abstained from joining Prussia in 1870, as Prussia had abstained from joining England in 1854. NICHOLAS I. would even more certainly have yielded to a European coalition than NAPOLEON III. to an alliance of England with North Germany. It is well to remember that all pretexts for war are not as frivolous and one-sided as the pretended squabbles about the Holy Sepulchre or HÖHENZOLLERN; and it may have been better for North Germany to fight out its quarrel single-handed than to invite every Power in Europe to join the side which its real or supposed interests might induce it to prefer. Sweden and Denmark avowedly sympathized with France; and Austria perhaps regrets her adoption of a benevolent neutrality. Those who hold that England was bound in August last to declare war against France are committed to the opinion that the Governments of the eighteenth century were in the right when they made neutrality a rare exception to their habitual policy.

If England had attacked France, with the certainty of reviving during many generations an enmity which was becoming obsolete, the fortune of war at sea would probably have been the same as on land. Havre might perhaps have shared the fate of Strasburg, and Cherbourg might have been exposed to jeopardy as well as Paris. At this point of the struggle, if not sooner, the wishes of the allies would have begun to diverge, for neither would England have desired aggrandizement for herself, nor would she have been prepared to aid in the dismemberment of French territory for the benefit of Germany. A peace concluded under pressure from the English Government, to the disappointment and perhaps to the injury of Germany, would have been followed by a deeper resentment than that which now leads to the use of contumelious language. In the probable contingency of a separate prosecution of the war by Germany after the withdrawal of England, an animosity would have been provoked which might not impossibly have ended in an open rupture. It is true that all the conditions of the discussion would have been changed if England had been a great military Power, or if, as in former wars, a deficiency of troops had been supplied by subsidies. Strength affords the only real security against international unfriendliness and injustice. It is because England is unarmed in the presence of the vast military establishments of the Continent that in diplomatic controversies, in the talk of foreign barracks and clubs, and in the columns of newspapers, her perfidy, her selfishness, and her cowardice are popular topics. The abuse which is lavished on the Government for its neutrality is only rendered possible by the assumption that England is no longer entitled to adopt an independent policy. The neutrality and the silence of Russia are regarded with comparative respect, because the force of the army, and the number and quality of the artillery, are not precisely known. Englishmen are conscious of a disinterested

regard both for peace and justice; but they are also accustomed to be misunderstood in Europe and misrepresented in America. As long as they are unprepared for war it is idle to attempt to disabuse foreigners of the impression that no motive except cowardice restrains them from murdering and robbing their neighbours. The German protest against the exportation from England to France of arms and munitions of war is less reasonable than the complaint that the war was not prevented by a timely menace. Count BERNSTORFF, indeed, seems to have convicted the English Government of an inconsistency, if it is true that Lord GRANVILLE required from him proof of the exportation of arms, before he defended the lawfulness of the trade; but he has not answered the argument which is derived from the writings of jurists and from the practice of nations. The Americans, notwithstanding their astuteness in devising complaints against England, never objected during their own Civil War to the exportation of munitions of war from England to the Confederate States. Prussia supplied Russia with arms during the Crimean war; and the English Government, on the advice of its law officers, deliberately withheld the remonstrances which it had been inclined to make against the trade. Count BERNSTORFF's warning that the resentment of Germany against England will be permanent may perhaps be well founded; and it is equally probable that the *Patrie* of the same date with the North-German Ambassador's Note may accurately represent the opinions and feelings of Frenchmen. "The Whig Cabinet," according to the writer in the *Patrie*, "manifests towards France the most hostile disposition, and in this it is in harmony with the QUEEN, whom the ties of relationship render exclusively favourable to Prussia. . . . It is then necessary to admit that the English Cabinet is blinded by a 'feeling of pitiful jealousy, and that it assists with a secret 'joy in producing the ruin of our influence, and the humiliation of a rival whose prestige has always wounded British 'pride.' It is scarcely possible that both charges can be true, but both are credible to those by whom they are respectively preferred, and France and Germany will perhaps at the end of the war be equally alienated from England.

At present there is more excuse for French reclamations than for German abuse, if only because impatience is more pardonable in sickness than in health. Some of the French complaints against England are natural and unavoidable, because they are founded on a difference of character which makes the ways of thinking of the two nations in some respects mutually unintelligible. Thus M. LOUIS BLANC, before his departure from England, remonstrated against the habit of believing the German despatches and disbelieving the official reports of incessant French victories. French Republicans practically adopt the theological dogma that faith is an operation, not of the intellect, but of the affections and the will. As it had never occurred to M. BLANC that credence ought to depend upon credibility, he naturally attributed to unfriendly prejudice the preference of truth to falsehood; and his opinion has probably not been changed by the fact that all the German successes were actually attained, while the French triumphs were deliberately manufactured in Paris. Another cause of annoyance is the insular dulness which fails to understand how France and Paris came to be more sacred than any other country or capital city. It must be taken for granted that M. VICTOR HUGO's rhapsodies find admirers outside the walls of the French Bedlam or Hanwell; but to Englishmen they seem merely explosions of effervescent nonsense, as insipid as they are flatulent. Nevertheless, regret for the disasters of France is universally felt in England. In the early part of the war it would have been criminal not to sympathize with the cause of justice, maintained by unparalleled wisdom in council and valour in the field. The quarrel of Germany has not ceased to be just, nor has the superiority of German arms been disturbed; but it is a grievous misfortune that such a city as Paris should be exposed to the horrors and the hazards of war. The majority of Englishmen would prefer that the German victors should content themselves with the recovery of Strasburg, and with the proof which they have afforded that their territory is not to be attacked or threatened without ruinous consequences to the aggressors. If sympathy afforded any consolation in the midst of misfortune, the French would have no reason for complaining of the coldness of their neighbours. Since the cheap commodity of good-will is not unnaturally rejected as worthless, England has nothing more at present to offer. The Germans may possibly be harsh in their use of victory, but they have not thus far exceeded their rights. Paris only suffers the fate which every brawler in France destined for Berlin at a time when Germany had given no offence except

by becoming united and powerful. It would be needless to appeal to the candour and justice of either belligerent; but Englishmen may perhaps wish to assure themselves that they are not monsters of iniquity.

GAMBETTA AND BISMARCK.

LAST Saturday M. GAMBETTA dropped out of the skies at Amiens, the vehicle that bore him and his fortunes being a balloon which at one time hovered so closely over the Prussian lines that several shots passed through it. He was come to speak the thoughts and urge the demands of besieged and suffering Paris. He was also come to take the supreme direction of affairs, and ascertain whether his is the master-mind that can rule his distracted country. Some one to be a little decided, a little authoritative, to do and not talk, to get up fighting armies and not change the names of streets and fraternise with imaginary republics, was sorely needed. M. GAMBETTA offers himself as the person qualified for the situation, and he has so far proved his capacity that he assumed the post of head of the State outside Paris without asking any one's permission. A young Marseillais advocate has elected himself to the vacant place of Saviour of Society, and he has begun his reign with a most stirring proclamation. From the point of view of a Frenchman who believes that Paris is impregnable this address is admirable. It relates with great force and circumstance all that Paris has done and is doing for herself and France, and it lays down very plainly and forcibly what Paris calls on France to do in return. The Revolution found Paris, he says, without cannon and without arms. Now 560,000 fully armed men are defending her, while the women make a million cartridges a-day, and 3,500 cannon have been added to those that previously defended the walls. Paris therefore cannot be taken; and as to sedition and intestine discord, there is not a chance of it. Everyone is of the same mind, and every one behaves beautifully. One danger alone is confessed to be formidable. Paris may starve. She can hold out for a time which with judicious vagueness M. GAMBETTA describes as "long months," and by economizing her resources she will do her very utmost to defy the enemy. But unless she is relieved she must, sooner or later, give in; and it is the mission of M. GAMBETTA to call on the provinces to relieve her. They have abundance of men, and the stern resolution of Paris will give them plenty of time to organize an irresistible force. All that is needed is that they should act at once with heart and soul in the cause, that they should make a pact with victory or death, and fall with an irresistible numerical superiority on the Germans. Why should it not be done? The only answer is that France, even if it has the will, does not know how to do it. She must be governed, and she must be led. M. GAMBETTA offers to govern her, and he evidently will really try to do it. His beginning has been a success. There was something that caught the fancy of the French in the notion of the man they wanted suddenly turning out of the clouds. Here was a Minister who at least knew what he wanted, who could act promptly, and who claimed to have a mission. If he could but get the faintest gleam of military success to help him he might make good the position he has taken. But there is the crushing difficulty. France must be led as well as governed, and there is no military leader to give her confidence and strength. General after general is tried, but they all fail. There never was such a war. Fortune always goes the same way. The French are always beaten. Directly a little army is gathered together up come the Germans and scatter it. What have been the two chief incidents of the first week of M. GAMBETTA's reign? They have been the news of a crushing defeat in the district of the Vosges, and a still more crushing defeat at Orleans. Even the ardent spirit of M. GAMBETTA must be discouraged when he finds that the best efforts France can make to relieve Paris seem so fruitless.

Count BISMARCK on his part has also issued a manifesto, and in it he regards the siege of Paris from a totally opposite point of view. He considers Paris as certain to be forced into a surrender. He argues that the engagements which have already taken place on the outskirts of Paris make it certain that the besieged can do nothing effectual to help themselves. He does not think it worth while even to discuss the issue of such attempts as France may make to drive the besiegers away. The time is come when it is necessary to think what will happen when Paris ceases to resist, and Count BISMARCK thinks it right to forewarn Europe of the horrors by which the surrender of the city may be followed. He too, like M. GAMBETTA, looks on famine as the great danger which

Paris has to fear. If Paris yields through sheer starvation, then the victors will enter a city inhabited by two millions of famished wretches. It will be utterly impossible for the Germans to feed the people of Paris. They want for their own support every mouthful they can get from their own country or from the provinces they may overrun. They will be the masters of a population which they cannot keep from the most terrible of deaths. This will seem monstrous and horrible, and Count BISMARCK is most prudent in anticipating the criticism such a state of things is sure to provoke. When MACMAHON's army capitulated at Sedan, there was an outcry raised against the treatment to which it was said the vanquished were exposed. They had for some days not nearly enough to eat. Perhaps no lives were actually sacrificed by want of food, but very considerable suffering was caused by the insufficiency of food supplied to the French soldiers. It was obvious to those who would reflect for a moment, that the Germans were not at all to blame for this. How could an army moving about in an enemy's country carry with it sufficient provisions to meet so astonishing a contingency as having a hundred thousand prisoners thrown suddenly on its hands? But the friends of France, who very seldom do pause to reflect when reflection would tell in favour of the Germans, cried out against the inhumanity of the conquerors; and if there was this outcry on the occasion of a mere insufficiency of food for a few days felt by professional soldiers, to whom all the sufferings of war are supposed to be a part of their trade, what would be felt and said if the vanquished population of Paris was dying off through hunger after the Germans were masters of the capital? Should such a terrible state of things ever arrive, it will be highly necessary that the justification of the Germans should be known beforehand. This justification lies simply in the fact that the French have chosen to make war in a very peculiar manner, and that their enemies cannot be responsible for the consequences. They have elected to make a city with two millions of inhabitants a vast and strong fortress. They consider this advantageous as a military operation. At this moment they think it so good a military operation that they confidently reckon on its leading to the inevitable destruction of those against whom every other military operation they have tried has failed. But if this military operation also fails, it must carry its own peculiar consequences with it. The French must be supposed to foresee these possible consequences, and not to shrink from them. They choose to run the risk, because they believe that the chances are very much in favour of their never undergoing the awful calamity which Count BISMARCK anticipates. But they do run the risk, whether it is great or small, and it is quite right of the Germans to point out that the risk exists, and is part of the contest which the French have, by defending Paris, chosen to provoke.

Neutral nations, as well as Germans, cannot avoid already beginning to speculate what will happen if the Prussian strategists, who have never been wrong yet, are right in thinking that Paris will be taken. Supposing the headquarters of the KING are shifted to the Tuilleries, what is to happen next? The first thing that would happen would be, as Count BISMARCK says, that the Parisians would undergo incalculable misery. The provinces would gradually feed Paris, but they could only do so very gradually. The districts round the capital will have been exhausted, and to organize the supply of food from a distance will take time, and lead to many strange complications between the conquerors and the conquered; for the Germans will themselves want supplies, and if the provinces send food to Paris, the conquerors will naturally help themselves first. The French will be all the time attempting to interrupt the communications of the Germans with Germany, and the Germans will naturally counteract the movement by eating as much as they can get out of France. The provinces will therefore not be able to feed Paris after a capitulation without first feeding the quarter of a million of German soldiers who will occupy the capital. What then will be the term of the sufferings of Paris? When it was taken by the Allies, its capture was immediately followed by a general suspension of hostilities, and so the difficulty of providing for its maintenance did not arise. But unless peace is made now directly Paris capitulates, its population must go on starving. The starvation may after a few days be only partial, but there will be a period of interminable, constant, overwhelming distress. The state of things in which, as is sometimes imagined, Paris would go on, humiliated but tolerably comfortable, while the rest of France entered on a guerilla warfare is an impossibility. To say that the capitulation of Paris must lead

to peace is going much too far, for such a catastrophe is beyond all former experience, and no one can pretend to say what will happen under circumstances so novel. But it is quite safe to say that the taking of Paris must be followed by consequences totally unlike the taking of Strasburg or Metz, or any town of moderate size, and it may at any rate be considered a fair subject of speculation whether the war could be protracted with Paris in a state of prolonged misery. For the Germans, if they want to get the terms which they consider their previous victories entitle them to demand, it is absolutely necessary to take Paris. The French believe so firmly in the power of Paris to resist the enemy, and in the destruction of the Germans if they persist in the attempt, that they would now only treat as being virtually the conquerors. Even if peace could be now made on terms which the Germans would not dream of accepting, the French would be so encouraged and elated by the successful resistance of Paris that they would burn for another war to revenge Sedan. It is only by forcing Paris to surrender that the Germans can have any hope of avoiding another war, and therefore Count BISMARCK lets it be understood that they most certainly will force it to surrender if they can, however fearful may be the misery the success of their arms will cause.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CHINA.

THE unsettled state of affairs in China furnishes the English Government with an opportunity of refuting a principal article of what may be called cosmopolitan cant. In all foreign countries it is widely believed and universally asserted that English policy, whatever may be its sagacity or its weakness, is systematically selfish. The most Quixotic exertions of disinterested liberality, such as the millions of money and the thousands of lives expended for the suppression of the slave-trade, have not the smallest tendency to correct the general prejudice. The commercial relations of England, which are in fact widely diffused, are so far exaggerated by popular belief that war or peace, or a costly establishment of maritime police, can always be attributed to the desire of fostering native trade and manufacture, or still more easily to the purpose of discouraging foreign industry. The Spaniards formerly believed, and probably believe to this day, that the English armies liberated their country from French dominion with the exclusive view of destroying two or three cotton or woollen factories which are said to have once existed in Madrid. The suppression of the slave-trade was readily explained as a contrivance for defeating the competition of the French and Spanish colonies; and when the English West Indies were almost ruined by the abolition of slavery, at an expense to the Mother-country of twenty millions, the perfidious design of the African squadrons became still more distinctly manifest to acute politicians. The war with Russia in 1854 was thought to be almost as conspicuous an instance of egotism as the abstinence from war with France or with Germany in 1870. The Americans had for some years before the Secession constantly announced that, Cotton being King, England would gladly assist the Southern States in any project for the establishment of their independence. The Confederate Government at the beginning of the war confidently relied on the fulfilment of the prediction; and when it appeared that England preferred the temporary destruction of the cotton manufacture to an unprovoked aggression on the United States, it was held that a fresh illustration had been afforded of national selfishness. The Northern Americans at the same time urged precisely the same complaint against a country which withheld its active sympathy from a doubtful cause. After all, it is true that every Government must in ordinary cases act with an exclusive view to the welfare of its subjects; and if it has happened that England has vindicated the independence of Europe, suppressed the slave-trade, and taught the world the true principles of commerce, the anti-slavery policy alone was the result of a disinterested sense of duty. By opening, through the last war and by the Treaty of Pekin, the trade of China to other States, England and France conferred a great advantage on Europe and America, though the enterprise was undertaken for purposes of their own. The United States and the smaller commercial Powers have obtained, without expenditure of life or money, an equal share in all the advantages of the Treaty. It would not be unbecoming in England, as the greatest trading nation in the East, to undertake more than a proportional share in the defence of the rights which have been conquered;

October 15, 1870.]

but the claim of France to assistance, as the sole ally of England in 1858, is exceptionally strong.

There can be no doubt that the Chinese people and Government regard all foreign nations as forming, in contrast with themselves, a single community. Although no mutual guarantees have been exchanged by the parties to the various commercial treaties, the Chinese, by infringing their contract with any Western Power, understand that they are to a greater or less extent repudiating the obligation of all their engagements. In minor matters each of the Treaty Powers may be left to protect its own interests against encroachment; but a deliberate act of hostility against any section of foreigners indicates a hostile disposition which it is the business of all the Governments to restrain. The right of the French to maintain religious establishments at the Treaty Ports is covered by the same sanction which protects the trading interests of England. The massacre of Tien-tsin, and the atrocious cruelties by which it was accompanied, were a menace of prospective injury to the English residents, as well as to the French Government and its subjects. All the communications which have since been received from China show that the outrage was generally understood to be part of a concerted plan against foreigners. The perpetrators of the deed and their abettors may perhaps have been cunning enough to reckon on the national or sectarian differences which might, as they would imagine, prevent English Protestant laymen from sympathizing with wrongs inflicted on French missionaries and nuns; but, on the other hand, the contrivers of the plot were probably uninfluenced by religious animosity, although they propagated amongst the rabble monstrous stories of abduction and witchcraft said to be practised by the Sisters of Charity. The patron, and perhaps the instigator, of the criminals has been entrusted by the Government of Pekin with the duty of inquiring into the transaction, and of punishing the offenders; and consequently, as might be expected, not a single ringleader has been subjected to capital punishment in a country where the judicial sacrifice of life is regarded as the most commonplace of occurrences. The enemies of the foreign residents, encouraged by impunity, have probably been restrained from further acts of violence only by the visible determination of the settlement to protect itself. But it is impossible that a few hundred volunteers, who must neglect their own important business when they are in arms, can permanently provide for the security of trade and of life. The Chinese troops have forgotten or misinterpreted the lesson which they learnt in the former war; and, although they might hesitate to match themselves with a European soldiery, they may probably think themselves superior, in quality as well as in number, to any civilian bodies which can be collected.

Soon after the massacre M. DE ROCHECHOUART, the French Ambassador, condemned the slackness and apparent bad faith of the authorities, and threatened to place the redress of grievances in the hands of the Admiral; but at the date of the last despatches the news of the French reverses had arrived in China, where it would be immediately known to the Imperial Government and to local functionaries. It will be rightly assumed that it is impossible for the French Government at present to send reinforcements to China, and the Mandarins will at once draw the inference that it is unnecessary to discover or to punish the murderers of Tien-tsin. In such a crisis the dictates of generosity and of honour coincide with the soundest policy. It is in the power of the English Government to render France almost the only essential service which could not be regarded by Germany as a wrong or an affront. The whole English naval force on the coast of China ought to be placed at the disposal of the Embassy, and the Chargé d'Affaires ought to be instructed to act as M. DE ROCHECHOUART would have acted if he had not been embarrassed by unexpected difficulties. It may indeed be hoped that such instructions have already been given, so that the English Admiral may, if necessary, have anticipated the closing of the Peiho by ice. It is highly probable that a local demonstration may be more effective than a direct menace to the Imperial Government. If, unfortunately, a Chinese war should become unavoidable, more elaborate preparations will be necessary. If the Imperial Government obstinately refuses redress to the French Ambassador, it may be taken for granted that a rupture with the Treaty Powers had been predetermined. In that case it may be requisite once more to occupy Pekin, and to exact more stringent conditions of peace. It is not certain whether the United States would contribute a force to such an expedition, but the American traders in China would unanimously urge their

Government to action; and even at Washington the flagrant imposture practised on and through Mr. BURLINGAME must by this time have been exploded. On the part of England active intervention, though it might be suggested by a generous impulse, would be so far selfish that it would be necessary for the protection of English interests. The trade of England with China, amounting to nearly 40,000,000. of annual imports and exports, exceeds in value the collective trade of all other nations; and at a time when war and economical perversity are from time to time shutting up nearer markets, the exchange of commodities with China admits of indefinite expansion. If the Chinese Government protects the Tien-tsin assassins, it will leave the lives of all foreign traders at the mercy of the rabble and of the competitive prizemanship. If an enterprise which was found comparatively easy a dozen years ago now transcends the power of England, it only remains to acquiesce in the degradation which would in that case seem to be the principal consequence of modern reforms and improvements; but there would be no difficulty in providing, at home and in India, a sufficient force for the coercion of a contumacious Government and a semi-civilized community. The last Chinese war had commenced when the Indian Mutiny broke out; and Lord ELGIN intercepted at Ceylon and diverted to Calcutta the forces which were proceeding from England to China. At present England is not threatened with immediate war from any quarter, and the undivided resources of the nation must be capable of providing for an expedition of 10,000 men. As in many other instances, a reasonable display of vigour would not improbably anticipate and prevent the necessity of action. It may be inferred from Lord GRANVILLE's recent correspondence with the China merchants of London, that he has already revoked or modified Lord CLARENDON's well-meant and injudicious instructions to the civil and military authorities in China. Even Mr. GLADSTONE's aversion to strong measures may be shaken by regard to the interests of English trade, and by sympathy for the innocent victims of Chinese barbarism. A timely and effective support of the French demands would perhaps not be followed by extraordinary gratitude, nor would it induce M. VICTOR HUGO, in his next rhapsody, to insert Lord GRANVILLE's name in his list of worthies between CONFUCIUS and NICODEMUS; but it is sometimes expedient to do what is right, even without an immediate prospect of reward.

MARGARET WATERS.

THE execution of MARGARET WATERS for the crime of child-murder is remarkable chiefly as an instance of firmness and sense on the part of the Executive which is welcome, as for other reasons, so for its rarity. That Mr. BRUCE has resisted what pressure has been put on him by Mr. GILPIN and Mr. S. MORLEY is something, and it is not to be depreciated because the members of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment have of late found out that they were as little supported by public opinion as they were able to advance their cause by argument. We will at once admit that the case was not without difficulty, and that some specious considerations in favour of a remission of the capital sentence might have been urged at the Home Office. The more credit, therefore, is due to the SECRETARY for the firmness which he has in this instance displayed. At first sight there is something in the plea that it is somewhat harsh to execute the first person who has been found guilty of what may, loosely perhaps but with some truth, be spoken of as a crime new to the law. Technically and strictly WATERS's crime was infanticide, but it was child-murder under such circumstances and characterized by such peculiarities as invest it with the character of novelty. But, taken only in this general way, the considerations as to dealing with new forms of crime tell rather in favour of severity than of laxity.

If a new form of murder is possible, the sooner it is dealt with, and the more thoroughly it is dealt with, the better for society. If one—we are by no means prepared to say that it is the only—justification for capital punishment is to be found in its deterrent value, we may fairly argue that the more inexorably the law discourages human ingenuity in inventing novel forms of murder, the better it fulfils its function. Had this woman been spared, it would have been impossible to have hanged any future WATERS. Baby-farming is a new thing only because the present state of society is not what previous conditions of social life were. If society as it grows develops new vices, new forms of crime, society must be prepared to meet its own accumulating dangers. Putting

out children to nurse at all is an innovation on the nature of the family and the home, and now that it has come to be recognised as at least tolerable in the case of lawful children, it is not to be wondered that it has become the rule with illegitimate children. If, as is said, the proportion of deaths among illegitimate children is ninety per cent. as against thirty per cent. of even the poorest of legitimate children, it is simple folly to pretend that the surplus two-thirds are not unfairly dealt with. As soon as we have got at the facts of this deplorable piece of statistics we are bound to prevent the recurrence of the evil. As we have not yet got so far as the advanced speculations of some American, and we somewhat suspect even some English, theorists would lead us—that is, as we have not yet organized a system of infanticide—child-murder is child-murder, whether of bastards or lawfully begotten children. Unfortunately the horror and indignation against infanticide has of late been much impaired by the impossibility of securing a conviction of the ordinary girl who murders or exposes her illegitimate child; but it may perhaps be hoped that not only this every-day infanticide, but immorality itself, may be checked now that it is announced in very unmistakeable language that infanticide is a capital offence, and that women guilty of it even constructively are, as a matter of fact, hanged. Anyhow the doom which has overtaken MARGARET WATERS can scarcely be without its effects in dissipating that sense of immunity from the guilt of murder which devotes to destruction many a

birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab.

What distinguishes WATERS's crime from ordinary infanticide requires little illustration. An unmarried mother usually kills a new-born child to conceal its birth. In WATERS's case this abatement of guilt had no place. On the contrary, so far from there being an element of shame, distress, or pain in the matter, the baby-farm advertises for victims. The plea is that she engaged in the trade of nursing infants on account of its profits. But if it could be shown, as in this case it has been abundantly shown, that not only no profit, but immense loss, would accrue from every child taken in, even if it lived for a twelvemonth, profit upon a fair transaction could not have accrued, and could not have been looked for. WATERS was in very impoverished circumstances, hampered by debts, and to take in a child and attempt to provide for it for ten or twelve years, and all for 4*l.* or 5*l.*, is absurd and false on the face of it. Her only chance of making a livelihood out of the various children delivered to her at a premium of 5*l.* was to get rid of them within a very few weeks. Here, then, we have a motive for their murder, and legal malice is established. We are perfectly aware of the vagueness which attaches to the word "malice," and to the kindred word "intention," on which WATERS rested her defence or attempted exculpation. She did not intend to murder the infants when she took them an hour or two old from their parents. Possibly; only then we must reply that she uses the word "intention" in a sense which the law does not apply to it. Criminal law, after all, only embodies morality. If a criminal says that he has no evil intention, it may only be because in fact he has no sense of morality. What the law says is, We regard not your views of morality or your intention, but we act upon what mankind has agreed to consider morality. Experience has settled that the fact of the destruction of life being established, and the commission of certain acts, which can have no other ending than the destruction of life, having been brought home to you, we presume that you performed those actions with a clear knowledge of what would come of them—namely, death; and therefore, unless you can rebut this presumption, this is malicious—that is, a wicked and deliberate intent to destroy life. In your case, as in so many cases of murder, there is gain, pecuniary gain, to you in the case of the child's death, and great loss in the event of its continued life. WATERS's reply is twofold:—first, that she had, or was likely to have, a large *clientèle* of persons who for various reasons are always ready to adopt into their houses or homes any and every unknown bastard they could pick up or purchase. The gross absurdity of this assertion, and the utter absence of even a single case of a nurse-child thus conveniently and handsomely disposed of, condemns it at once. But she advances a step further. She did not "intend" murder; she "had not done wilfully anything which would 'cause a death,'" to use her own words. A man may say that when he plunges a knife into another man he did not intend to kill him; but the law cannot suppose such elementary ignorance as that a pistol-shot or a dose of prussic-acid will not destroy life. Life is as certainly destroyed by withholding food—that is, by starvation—as by a

poker or a bludgeon. What was proved was, that WATERS did withhold food from her victims, and did drug them with laudanum, which, as a medical witness says, kills infants like a pistol-shot, and what she meant or what she intended is beside the question. She must have known, or at any rate if she did not know such ignorance was criminal, that what she was doing could only end in death, and this is murder. Probably she did not know what intention was, but in many cases of murder there is an equal absence of intention, in so far as the word has any meaning. In point of fact, it about resolves itself into this—that this absence of intention, in WATERS's use of the word, is of the essence of murder. She did not intend to destroy life, only she abstained from the use of the only means by which life can be preserved. She ought to have had an intention to preserve life. Not to have it is to intend murder.

But, after all, why are we to accept WATERS's account of her "intention"? Because, we suppose, she made a "beautiful" "extempore prayer" on the scaffold, and behaved decently after her condemnation. And yet, after all, she died with a deliberate lie—an implicit if not verbal lie—in her mouth. In her confession addressed to Mr. JESSOP, the Chaplain, she says, "Mrs. ROWLAND was engaged by me at 10*s.* a week to 'wet-nurse baby COWEN [for whose murder WATERS was 'executed], and he was with her a fortnight before he died." Mr. Secretary BRUCE very properly thought this assertion worth testing, and so, as the *Daily News* informs us, WATERS's brother saw ROWLAND, and asked the question, "Can you 'undertake to say that Mrs. WATERS engaged you to wet-nurse the baby COWEN before the discovery by the police?" Mrs. ROWLAND replied, "I cannot undertake to say that." A woman who can in this deliberate way, with the gallows staring her in the face, be guilty of so gross an untruth, may very fairly be disregarded when she talks about her intentions. And we are the less inclined to attach any importance to her assertions as she thought proper, "in her Gethsemane," as she blasphemously calls it, to deliver herself of an edifying homily against parents for culpably getting rid of their illegitimate offspring—"poor little things"!—as though she herself had not for years been doing her best to encourage those "sinners." The wretched woman says, if there were no cruel and unnatural parents there would be no baby-farmers; perhaps, it may be retorted, if there were no baby-farmers, there would be fewer cruel and unnatural parents. However, it is not ours to apportion these degrees of guilt. It is something to congratulate ourselves that a blow has been struck at a hideous system of murder, the worse because it is so deliberate; and it is something that the stern arm of justice has not been paralysed by cant and sham philanthropy. One word remains. In uncouth phrase this wretched criminal condescends to forgive the medical witnesses, whose only offence was that they told the truth; and she does not envy the state of their consciences. There are some others whose consciences we do not envy. We mean the editors and proprietors of those newspapers—the pests of society and the disgrace of journalism—by whose assistance, readily given for a money value, WATERS's advertisements for victims came before the public. WATERS's trial and execution brands them as accessories to WATERS's crime; and we trust, not that they will take warning—for they are beyond warning—but that the authorities of the Home Office will take some means of punishing the accessories, now that they have not declined to punish the principal, in what is now known to be murder and nothing else.

THE GOVERNMENT AT TOURS.

THE experiment of governing France from two centres at once has signally failed. M. GAMBETTA has literally dropped from the clouds to rebuke the MINISTER OF JUSTICE. Considered as a pilot who has to steer the country through the double crisis of a foreign occupation and a domestic revolution, M. CREMIEUX must be pronounced a little deficient in vigour; and it was perhaps some dim consciousness of this fact that made him anxious to hurry the elections, in order to obtain the support of an Assembly. Instead of this, fortune has brought him a colleague who has at once relieved him of the seemingly uncongenial post of *ad interim* Minister of War, and will probably prevent any other of his functions from becoming unduly burdensome. M. CREMIEUX's position is very similar to that of the leading actor of a provincial company after the arrival of a star from London. Nobody cares any longer what he says or does. If a member of the Government was to undertake this journey there could be no doubt that M. GAMBETTA was the right man.

General TROCHU has to defend the city. M. FAVRE might have compromised himself as Foreign Minister if he had undertaken the organization of a guerrilla warfare throughout the country. M. ROCHEFORT is wanted in Paris, to keep the extreme Republicans in something like good humour. M. ARAGO is only a fainter copy of M. GAMBETTA, and the rest of the Government are only copies more or less exact of M. CREMIER. How M. GAMBETTA will acquit himself of his new duties it is as yet too soon to say. The Circular to the citizens of the Departments, with the publication of which he began his work at Tours, is open to criticism in many ways, but there is more of the ring of real enthusiasm in it than in anything which has yet come from the Provisional Government. His description of Paris must of course be taken with much qualification, since, even if the city were on the point of surrender, it would be imprudent to publish a fact which would make any extensive arming of the provinces next door to hopeless. But M. GAMBETTA's account is so far borne out by other witnesses that there is no ground to suppose him reduced to any positive distortion of the truth. That Paris is better fortified, that the garrison is better armed, and that the population are more steadily resolute than they were a month ago, seems to be tolerably certain. As to the stock of provisions M. GAMBETTA speaks with commendable moderation. He does not disguise that the Parisians may have to bear "restraint and scarcity," and if in doing this they display the constancy which M. GAMBETTA promises on their behalf, his bold assertion that "sedition will not arise, nor famine "either," stands some chance of being borne out. As yet, however, Paris can hardly be said to have placed herself on rations, and it is possible that the prospect which the discovery of its being necessary to do this will unfold to the citizens may work some change in their determination to hold out to the last. Hitherto it seems the choice of food has been greatly limited, and occasionally it has been difficult to obtain it without taking the precaution of marketing early. But this is very different from that strict apportionment of food to mouths which is implied in the idea of rations, and the difficulty of enforcing this apportionment in so large a population will tend to make the precautions resorted to additionally severe and irksome. After describing the state of Paris, M. GAMBETTA turns to the duties which it imposes on the departments. These, he says, are two—"to have no other occupation than war," and to "accept fraternally the supremacy of the Republic." The first is no doubt intended to explain the postponement of the elections. An Assembly might meet to discuss terms of peace, but it would be by no means a suitable instrument for carrying on a desperate war. The members of the Government of National Defence have assumed that the country will listen to no proposals which involve a cession of territory. If they are right in this assumption, the convocation of an Assembly would be simply waste of time. A people whose whole thoughts are given to fighting, and preparation for fighting, has no time to spare for politics. Besides, all that an Assembly could do if it met would be to entrust the actual organization of resistance either to a Committee or to a Commander-in-Chief. It would be possible, no doubt, to construct a far more efficient Executive than the chance collection of ex-Deputies who now claim to govern France. But the time lost and the passions excited by such a change would far more than outweigh any advantage which could be derived from it. Again, much might be said upon the paramount necessity to the French arms of having a real Commander-in-Chief. But to take the appointment out of the hands of the Executive, and vest it directly in the Legislature, would be to increase the risks which must in any case attend it. A successful general will, under any circumstances, have the power of making himself dangerous to the civil authorities; but this power would be greatly increased if he had been responsible to no executive superior.

If the Provisional Government has designedly misinterpreted the wishes of the country, and has pledged France to war while her real desire is for peace, there arises a curious problem of political morality. Supposing the Government to be afraid that the nation they rule would make dishonourable concessions if it were freely consulted, how far are they justified in denying it the opportunity of ascertaining its own wishes? By all ordinary rules they are only the representatives and agents of the people, and though they may rightly refuse to carry out a policy which they think wrong, they are still bound to inquire whether this policy is really preferred by the people, and, if it proves to be so, to make way for those who are prepared to give it effect. But where the issue at stake involves the actual dismemberment of the

country, ordinary rules may be said to be suspended. Some of the most signal services ever rendered to a nation have been rendered to it in its own despite. The most beneficent revolutions have often been for a time the least really popular, and have owed their success to the skill with which their authors have kept the majority of the nation from finding this out for themselves. On this theory the acts of M. GAMBETTA and his colleagues will be differently judged according to the estimate formed by the critic of the chances of further resistance. It is not patriotism to refuse to give up territory if it is certain that the refusal can only lead to a still larger surrender hereafter; it is cowardice to consent to dismemberment so long as there is any reasonable hope that by going on fighting any better terms may be obtained.

M. GAMBETTA is probably quite in earnest when he says, "It cannot be that a great nation shall let its place in the world be taken from it by an invasion of 500,000 men." If he had said, It cannot be that a great nation shall have its place in the world taken from it by an invasion of 500,000 men, except by its own *lâches*, the statement would have been true as well as honest. Even in the present extremity there must be recuperative power enough in France ultimately to drive out the Germans, provided only that Frenchmen care to make the sacrifices without which that recuperative power cannot be evoked. What these sacrifices are, cannot be better summed up than by M. GAMBETTA himself. "We must make the provinces shake off their "torpor, react against foolish panics, multiply our partisan soldiers, lay traps for an enemy who has shown "himself so fertile in ambushes and surprises, harass his "flanks, surprise his rear, and set on foot a national war." If M. GAMBETTA can impart his own energy to the great body of Frenchmen—if he can ensure that this programme shall one day be a record of what they have done, and not remain a barren enumeration of what they have to do—we do not deny that the resources of France may prove fully equal to the demands thus made on them. Our only doubt is, whether M. GAMBETTA has counted the cost of such an effort. A war of this kind is necessarily a war in which the expenditure both in life and suffering bears a far greater proportion than in ordinary wars to the magnitude of the results achieved. It will be eminently a war of reprisals. The Germans will refuse to regard the peasantry who take part in it in any other character than that of assassins, to be slaughtered without mercy whenever they are captured. But if the death of one German only entails the death of one Frenchman, the ultimate advantage must be on the side of the latter; and for this reason the Germans will probably exact a far heavier retribution. For every soldier killed by a peasant they will kill three, or five, or ten Frenchmen, whether they have taken part in the war or not. It is impossible to foresee the moral effect on France of a war carried on upon these terms. It might be to rouse the nation to such energy of united action that the Germans would be forced to retire as from a very den of wolves. It might be to cow and terrify the nation as to make it demand peace with a degree of determination that the strongest Government could not resist. But the uncertainty we are dealing with relates to an earlier date than this. Will the French people enter upon such a war with open eyes and conscious resolution? Perhaps if they were all Republicans they might do so. M. GAMBETTA is not over sanguine when he says that if he and his friends succeed in rescuing France "from the abyss into which "monarchy has plunged her," the Republic "will be founded "and sheltered against conspirators and reactionists." But it is this very connexion of cause and effect that makes it doubtful whether the co-operation of the whole French people will be obtained. Frenchmen might fight to save France from dismemberment if they were assured that the country thus preserved by their patriotism would afterwards be governed according to the wishes, freely formed and freely expressed, of the majority of the nation. Will they fight with equal readiness when the object of the war is declared to be the indivisibility of the Republic as well as the unity of France?

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

A SELECT Committee appointed in the last Session to inquire into the Diplomatic and Consular Services has collected, and published in a bulky volume, some interesting information and a larger proportion of readable gossip. As the witnesses and the more active members of the Committee indulged themselves in the fullest expression of their personal opinions, it is not surprising that the evidence is published

without a Report, or that the inquiry into the Consular Service has not even commenced. There seems to have been no urgent cause for reopening the questions which were referred to a previous Committee in 1861. The Foreign Office and the Treasury have since adopted the principal recommendations of the last Report, with the result of making the service more completely a close profession, with promotion almost exclusively regulated by seniority. If the mover of the present Committee hoped to reduce the expense of the Diplomatic Service, he will have derived little encouragement from the opinions of the Foreign Office or of the members of the service. Nearly all the official witnesses dispute the expediency of reducing either the diplomatic establishment or the scale of payment. Only one or two gentlemen, who seem either to have been soured by disappointment or to have taken their own duties easily, depreciate the services of their former colleagues and chiefs, or the importance of the States where they have resided. Mr. LABOUCHERE, formerly Second Secretary at Constantinople, and afterwards member for Middlesex, was the only witness who shared the distrust of diplomacy and the zeal for economy which prompted the voluminous questions of Mr. RYLANDS; but as Mr. LABOUCHERE fancied that he had himself resided at Constantinople eight months, when, as it appeared, he had in fact only been there for two months, the Committee was perhaps not deeply impressed by the accuracy of his memory or the soundness of his judgment. From other witnesses Mr. RYLANDS failed to extract any admission in favour of the employment of a lower social class, of competitive examinations, or even of the use of copying machines. It may be collected that Mr. RYLANDS, and perhaps some other members of the Committee, disbelieved altogether in the utility of acquiring a knowledge of foreign transactions. Lord MALMESBURY stated, as an argument in favour of maintaining missions at places of secondary importance, that during his tenure of office he first heard of the intention of the Austrians to invade Piedmont from the Minister at Hanover, and of the Emperor NAPOLEON's determination to annex Savoy from the Minister at Bern. Mr. RYLANDS replied by inquiring whether, in either case, the English Government was enabled to prevent the measure of which it disapproved. It must be confessed that the earliest and most accurate information will not enable the English Government to dictate the policy of Europe. Sir HENRY BULWER told the Committee that American Ministers often insured attention to their complaints by the use of peremptory language in which they were certain to be supported by their countrymen. An English Minister who resorts to a menace is almost always discredited or disavowed, while an American Minister increases his popularity by a threat. The difference is not in the capacity of the agents, but in the character and policy of the principals.

As the majority of the Committee took the necessity of a Diplomatic Service for granted, the inquiry took a devious course, touching on isolated points of various degrees of importance. Mr. HAMMOND, in a lucid and elaborate account of the machinery of the Foreign Office and of the Diplomatic Service, displayed a satisfaction with the existing arrangements which is not unbecoming in a veteran functionary responsible for all the details of the office. Nevertheless Mr. HAMMOND would gladly increase the pay of the younger members of the service, and improve their prospects. The adoption of the system of seniority, coinciding with the suppression of three or four Continental missions, has created a block or stoppage of promotion. One of the ablest and most industrious of the younger generation of diplomatists told the Committee that he could not hope to become a Minister before he was sixty. As Lord CLARENDON and others suggested in extenuation, the same difficulty occurs in the naval and military service, but it is undoubtedly a public inconvenience as well as a personal hardship. Of many suggestions for accelerating promotion, none appear to be entirely satisfactory. Sir HENRY ELLIOT's proposal that Second and Third Secretaries should occasionally be appointed to consulships would only transfer the pressure to another branch of the service. Sir HENRY ELLIOT also suggested that there should, as in former times, be an almost unlimited number of unpaid attachés, but that they should have no claim upon the country until they had passed a stringent examination. Sir HENRY BULWER thought it practicable to reduce the staffs, and consequently the number of claimants for promotion, by allowing the Minister the aid of a private secretary of his own selection, who should not be entitled to expect further preferment. Different opinions were expressed on the possibility and expediency of imposing additional duties on the Secretaries of Legation or of Embassy, who in some missions have little to do

except in the absence of their chief. The statistical and economical Reports which have lately been required from the Secretaries of Legation are sometimes intrinsically valuable, but they are scarcely to be included in the definition of diplomatic business. The system was devised for the purpose of employing and educating the members of the service, and it may be doubted whether either purpose is strictly legitimate. As long as the collection of facts is really useful, Secretaries of Legation will continue to display zeal and industry in the preparation of their Reports; but diplomatists will object to be employed like paupers in digging holes and filling them up merely to keep themselves out of mischief. All questions of this kind might be more satisfactorily dealt with by an experienced and vigorous Minister than by a Committee of the House of Commons. In every controversy of the kind so much may be said on both sides that the decision ought to depend on practical knowledge and business instinct. It is an idle waste of time for a dozen members of Parliament to discuss whether copying machines and steel pens are preferable to additional hands and to quills. Mr. RYLANDS and his more inexperienced colleagues were under the impression that a sufficient knowledge of foreign affairs might be derived from a study of the correspondence of newspapers, and of the published debates of representative assemblies. The diplomatists, on the other hand, candidly avowed their inability to define constitutional government. Three or four years ago a Secretary of State would have derived little information from the discussions of the French Legislative Body, nor was the Prussian House of Deputies ordinarily in the secret of Count BISMARCK's policy. The foreign correspondence of English newspapers is often valuable and instructive, but it would scarcely afford a sufficient basis for diplomatic action.

Mr. EASTWICK raised the question whether the Persian Mission ought to be placed under the control of the Foreign Office, or of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. Lord PALMERSTON in 1835 withdrew the management of Persian affairs from the Board of Control, and his policy was afterwards reversed by Lord STANLEY and Lord MALMESBURY in 1858. In the following year Lord RUSSELL, with the assent of Sir CHARLES WOOD, who was then Secretary of State for India, re-claimed for the Foreign Office the control of the mission; and, on hearing of the decision, Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, then Minister at Teheran, immediately resigned. The opinions expressed to the Committee were diametrically opposite. Lord CLARENDON strongly advocated the policy of Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord HALIFAX less positively maintained the correctness of his own decision. Lord DERBY inclined to favour the re-transfer of the mission to the Indian department; and Sir H. RAWLINSON and Lord LAWRENCE urged in support of the same arrangement arguments which appear to have been conclusive. Whatever may be the distribution of business, the Indian and Foreign Secretaries have of course the opportunity of exchanging all important communications; but the Foreign Minister has for the most part no competent candidates for the office of Persian Minister on his list, while in India there are always eminent public servants, trained in Oriental diplomacy, and speaking Persian and other Oriental languages fluently. The questions which arise between Persia and Turkey are few and trifling, and the relations of Russia with Persia derive their chief importance from their bearing on the affairs of India. The residents in the Persian Gulf, and the agents in Afghanistan and the neighbouring States, correspond with the Viceroy of INDIA, and Persian intrigues relate almost exclusively to the territories which intervene between Persia and India. If the Committee can induce the Government to reconsider the decision of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL its labours will not have been wholly speculative.

Sir HENRY BULWER raised a wider question by a complaint that the modern practice of the Foreign Office involved a pernicious limitation of the discretion of English Ministers abroad. According to his statement, the power of the permanent officials, or, in other words, of Mr. HAMMOND, has largely increased, to the serious detriment of the public service. The practice has grown up of dictating to an Ambassador or Minister, not only the policy which he is to pursue, but the methods and language which he is to employ. The consequence is said to be that there is no room for the exercise of delicacy, of tact, or of knowledge of personal character and circumstances; and that, for instance, in a joint representation by England and France, the French Minister sometimes forwards an acceptable communication, while his English colleague is forced to deliver a note composed in Downing Street, which, as he knows, will give offence. With unexpected plainness of speech Sir H. BULWER illustrated his opinion by a criticism

October 15, 1870.]

on Lord DERBY's abortive American Treaty. Lord PALMERSTON, he said, or "any sensible man unfettered by bad 'advice,' would have instructed his Minister at Washington to ascertain what terms would be accepted before he made any proposal of his own. Lord STANLEY, under the influence, as Sir H. BULWER insinuates, of Mr. HAMMOND, "makes a 'proposal of his own, which, directly it gets to the United States, is refused, and is certain to be refused, because he said 'our Government will give this and will not give that'; " and anybody who knows anything of negotiation knows that, "directly you say what you will not give, that becomes 'at once the important point in the mind of the person you are dealing with, particularly in a country like America; " and therefore the thing which Lord DERBY said he would "not give arose into supernatural importance in the minds of the Americans, and became the cause of all the differences we had afterwards." Sir H. BULWER candidly declared that his remarks pointed at Mr. HAMMOND, who, "passing his life at a desk and knowing nothing much of the world practically beyond that . . . thinks that every thing depends on the despatch. My experience tells me that nearly everything depends on the man into whose hands the despatch falls." If a Committee of the House of Commons could teach official persons the advantage of reposing ample discretion in agents carefully selected, it might be excused for wasting time on the frivolities and pedantries of copying machines and competitive examinations.

WHAT "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" DOES NOT TELL US.

WE have often had occasion to complain, and others have echoed our complaint, that "Our Own Correspondents" tell us a great deal which is not worth telling, and much that is not fit to tell, about the details of the war. We have had more than enough of what is disgusting, and at least enough of mere gossip and foolish personal detail. It requires no great stretch of imagination to picture for ourselves that roughing at the outposts is unpleasant, or that junketing at head-quarters is an agreeable change. To describe graphically the drawing of champagne corks, or the difficulties about getting a horse and carriage, or to photograph the interior of a Parisian cockney's villa after it has been occupied by the Prussians, fills a column, many columns, but scarcely adds to our knowledge. We now venture to complete our bill of complaint against "Our Own," and after having noted what they have done and are doing which they might as well have left undone, we proceed to point out some of their shortcomings and deficiencies. France generally, and Paris in particular, presents at this moment, and has for some weeks presented, a phenomenon not only of special interest, but absolutely without precedent in political and national history. There is a remarkable combination and concurrence of two sets of circumstances. The country, or at least a great portion of it, is subjected to a successful invasion, and the country is also without a Government. Either of these conditions of national life, or life in death, may have occurred before; but in their simultaneous occurrence consists the special interest of the hour. Now what we want to know, and what we are certainly not told, is how in this emergency national and social life goes on at all. What all of us mean by life is not the exceptional circumstances which war brings with it, but the inner daily existence of the population. We want to be informed how the social machine labours and pants, and yet somehow does not altogether break down. We should like to know more about the administrative arrangements which are made, or which have shaped themselves, to meet conditions without precedent, unforeseen, and incapable of being provided against or provided for. Now, to take the case of ordinary Englishmen, for whose information, we suppose, Special Correspondents write; as a matter of fact they know but little of the domestic constitution of another country. We travel in France, or take a holiday in Paris, but we have too much to do to inform ourselves of the common institutions and life of the French people. The theatres, the boulevards, the galleries and museums, pictures and statues, and café life attract us. We go to Paris for amusement, not for instruction in dull statistics, or to learn the social organization of the country. Somehow there is a system going on which, differing we dare say, but how we do not much care, from our own, produces much the same results. But now we have to realize how France gets on with its heart paralysed, what Paris is when isolated from the whole body politic; and reasonably enough, if we want to guess out how things are there, we begin to speculate how

things would be here with us in England and London under similar conditions.

It is curious, but it seems to be a fact, that with all the contemporaneous memoirs, private diaries and letters, and biographies and State papers, which have from time to time been published, we know so very little how France got on during the great Revolution. During the Reign of Terror we have been told that the *salons* were kept open, and that the intercourses of society were maintained; but we do not know how the courts of justice and of police discharged functions without which all would be chaos, how the taxes were levied, if levied at all, how the daily circulation of the State's life was kept up. It is so now. It is absurd to imagine that there is no hitch and break, no solution of continuity, in the national life of France. We do know that there is a forced currency, and we do know that what passes for a Government finds the means of spending an enormous sum of money; but where the money or credit, or whatever it is that is in use, comes from, we do not know. We know that France is not altogether in a state of anarchy; but whether there are public writs, or in whose name judicial proceedings run, whether ordinary processes and suits are carried on just as they were three months ago, we can only conjecture. What becomes of appeals—if there is, as there must be, an appellate system—there may be many acquainted with the French system who can tell us; but ordinary Englishmen, who only think that England cut off from London and Westminster would present a very strange spectacle, are merely puzzled by thinking about it. The monetary circulation again, and all the banking and bill transactions, the ebb and flow of bullion inside the Bank of France—and nobody knows where the Bank is at this moment—is a huge and inexplicable riddle to us. The national revenues, customs and such dues, are of course somehow collected; but if the capital no longer exists practically, though the seat of government has been transferred to Tours, to whom is the money forwarded, and how is it that the whole machinery of the State is not stopped, when offices, archives, clerks, boards, departments, officials, and centralization cease to be? How should we get on without the Stamp Office, Somerset House, the Custom House, the Bank, the Courts at Westminster? The Ministers and a few officials, if London were invested, could establish themselves at Manchester, and a Parliament might meet, as it has met before, at Oxford; but how could the business of the country go on without the central machinery for carrying on the ways and means? And yet, as it seems, or at any rate as far as we are told, there is no fatal hitch. Of all wonders, the political—we mean the internal political—condition of France at this moment is to an ordinary Englishman the most wonderful.

And when we come to the details of actual life it might be well if the picturesque chroniclers who tell us enough and to spare about the uniforms of the Mobiles, and the alternate fits of gaiety and sullenness on the boulevards, would enlighten us on the daily life of Paris in a state of siege. Of one broad aspect of life in Paris we do not want any assurance. Business and manufactures and trade must be at an end; and, with trade, wages must have ceased to be. The building-trade, for example, must have been annihilated. What we have to picture is London with all the masons, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and "amalgamated trades" out of work; not merely the shipbuilding of East London annihilated—and we know what came of that—but all trades stopped; all the producers of articles of Paris, and all the smart shopkeepers and shopkeepers' staffs, at one blow struck down. No doubt there are compensations. All the six hundred thousand soldiers, or so-called soldiers, who are employed in the defence of the city receive pay and rations. A vast deal of new and exceptional work, and with work wages, supplied by the Government, fills up some gaps in the labour-market. Defences are thrown up. M. GAMBETTA informs us that guns are daily cast, and an immense amount of ammunition produced, in Paris. Men who were behind the counter and at work in the factories are doing garrison work, and are paid for it; tailors and women and milliners have perhaps their hands full of uniforms and necessaries for the defence. But the amount of labour absorbed by Government employment cannot reach one-tenth of the ordinary trade of the capital of France. Judging from what we all know of the working-classes of London, it is certain that, after making the most ample allowance for the exceptional employment which the siege affords, there must be thousands and thousands of bread-winners, as they are called, in Paris, who earn no wages because there are no wages to earn. Factory hands must be dismissed when the factories cease to work; domestic servants must be dismissed when households are broken up or reduced

to short commons. If the workman life in France is, as it must be, much the same as it is in England, what a vast horde of men there must be who merely earn their twenty or thirty francs a week, and spend it every week in rent and across the counter for the ordinary necessaries of meat, drink, and clothing? How do they contrive to live without wages? There can be no credit given; we do not hear that Paris has relapsed into a state of barter, which, however, would be of little use, seeing that the *ouvriers* having nothing to barter. We are told that Government has fixed the price of flour and meat, but we do not hear that Government has issued five-franc pieces to pay for the meat and the flour. And how all the people in Paris who have not a twenty-franc piece—we were just going to say a Napoleon—manage to get food we are not told. If the shopkeepers, which is absurd, give unlimited trust, we should like to be assured of the fact; but if life can be sustained in a huge city without money or credit, it would be very interesting to be told by the Special Correspondents how this is done.

But all this only relates to able-bodied men. We presume that Paris contains, as every city and indeed every village or community in the world must to some extent contain, a huge mass of pauperism. France has not our English Poor-law; but France has institutions—they have been described in the *Saturday Review*—which do give meat and raiment and lodging to those who from old age, sickness, and the accidents of life cannot keep themselves, and have, even when all is peace and prosperity, no friends and relations on whom they can depend. How do the helpless and aged poor fare in this dreadful emergency? That they are not as a matter of fact turned out of Paris, or left in Paris to be starved, we know; because if it were so we should have heard of it. Something, somehow, is done for them; and what we should like to know, but do not know, is what exceptional remedy for this exceptional state of things has been devised and is now at work. Again, in Paris as in every civilized capital in the world, there must be, as we know that there are, a great many voluntary institutions of charity—hospitals, infirmaries, and charitable schools—supported, as among ourselves, by voluntary subscriptions. These sources of support are dried up. If the subscribers still give, or are ready to give, their money, that money cannot reach Paris. Are these institutions closed? If not, how are they kept open? If they are closed, who now supports their inmates? Again, amongst ourselves the pawnshop is the working-man's resource on a rainy day. Pawnbroking is a State affair in Paris, and we did hear that the Government had authorised the Monts de Piété to return all pledges of less than 10 fr. value; but have they gone further, and authorised loans of money to those who have no goods to deposit? To return to a poor Parisian his bedstead or his holiday suit would be somewhat of a mockery when what he wants is the ten francs. These are some, and they are only specimens, of the subjects suggested by the France of the moment, on which we should much prefer some authentic information to long narratives of Mr. RUSSELL's adventures with his horse, or the diary of his breakfasts and gossips. Many of the questions which we have mooted are no doubt at the fingers' ends of "Our Owns," and some of them are what every schoolboy—that is, Lord MACAULAY's every schoolboy—knows. But then some of us are not omniscient schoolboys or pantological Correspondents; and we may as well own our ignorance and our opportune or inopportune thirst for useful knowledge. And if, as is, we believe, the case, "Our Owns" have not attended to these matters, the sooner they do so the better; and then their jaunty talk will promise to be, which at present it does not, of some use to future historians.

THE WAR OF 1870.

XIII.

THE controversy conducted in the *Times* between Mr. CONYBEARE and "A Lieutenant-Colonel of Royal Engineers," who criticizes him, is an instructive example of the fallacy of regarding a great military question from too strictly technical and professional a point of view. Mr. CONYBEARE writes admirably on the particular engineering features involved in that attack which is evidently soon to be begun. For an amateur he has made a surprisingly good study of the subject, and argues with very fair reason that such outer defences as Forts Issy and Vanvres, for instance, cannot of themselves endure a long siege, and that the continuous *enceinte* behind them is exceptionally weak. From this he goes on to conclude that, some of the outer forts being taken, and the body of the place

either regularly attacked or merely laid open to bombardment, Paris will surrender, because of the mere "demoralizing effect" produced by the systematic pressure upon such a set of people as those shut up within it. His critic, besides impugning his details, objects to the notion, conveyed unintentionally by Mr. CONYBEARE in part of his hypothesis, that approaches in regular siege form would have to be run up to the body of the place, and believes Paris could be reduced only by bombardment or blockade. Mr. CONYBEARE, defending himself ably against certain minor objections made to his first statements, explains that he does not really suppose that the *enceinte* itself will have to be approached at all. He believes with his opponent that the place can be reduced by a bombardment without this step, and admits the weight of the objection to the supposed running of siege works up to the body of a place so enormously garrisoned.

We do not pretend to decide the minor technical questions involved. It seems to us indeed surprising that both disputants have utterly left out of sight the standing and notorious example of Sebastopol. If ever there was a place defended by a whole army, Sebastopol was one. If ever there was a place where the capture was effected by running siege works close up to it when all other means of forcing the enemy's defences failed, Sebastopol was so treated. But passing on from this obvious omission, what we would notice is this, that the whole subject is far above any engineering or even any tactical question. In this unsolved problem that lies before the world, the great and vital element is that purely moral one which historians of wars too often leave altogether out of sight. If there arise within Paris a leader or leaders who have the gift of imparting endurance and abiding energy to the stormy elements enclosed there, the Prussian shells might as well be discharged over Dartmoor as over the city, so far as their purpose may be to compel surrender. The main material fact to be borne in mind, in considering the subject, is that the construction of Paris differs vitally from that of such a city as this of London. The party walls contain as a rule hardly any timber, being generally made simply of gypsum, run in liquid, and solidified in a sort of mould or frame, whilst the outer walls are usually of strong stone. Hence that which makes the whole real danger of a bombardment over a large space, the contingency of many severe fires, has been guarded against beforehand. As we last week took special pains to point out in the case of Strasburg, dropping shells over a besieged place is a serious inconvenience and trial to the inhabitants; but even the most timid will, like those innocent children who suffered in the midst of their street games at Strasburg, get so used to the sight and sound that the ordinary occupations of daily life will soon cease to be disturbed by them, and the normal state of the population—always supposing them under sufficient restraint—will be not very dissimilar from that in which persons live during a time of exceptional sickness and mortality. To put our assertion in its broadest possible form, the sufferings of a bombardment (where extensive fires are avoided) may always be held as an excellent excuse for a surrender; but no determined commander, with a garrison controlled by his volition, could ever yet be forced to capitulate by this means alone.

We are sure that the Prussians are well aware of this. But they are also well aware, like ourselves, of the instability of the elements under TROCHU's hands. They will therefore not neglect the means their heavy guns ought soon to give them of searching the interior of the city, when any of the outer defences are reduced. Yet it must not be supposed they will trust to this mode of proceeding alone. Of the four obvious ways of capturing a place, the *coup de main* is the only one apparently forbidden them. The other three—bombardment, blockade, and regular approach—they can, and they probably will, to the full combine. We had but the first and last of these to employ at Sebastopol, and the genius of TOLLEDEN, with the well-disciplined army of GORTCHAKOFF, were there to resist us. Yet we know how vain resistance was in the end. On the other hand, before quitting this comparison, it is necessary to note one most important fact in favour of Paris, as against the first mode of attack, which is, that the larger the area defended, the more endurable a bombardment becomes.

The first attempt to relieve Paris, coming from that very quarter to which great part of the defenders at present beyond doubt look for aid, has failed before it began. Scarcely had M. GAMBETTA accomplished his perilous journey, and arrived at Tours to find the War Ministry vacant; scarcely had GARIBALDI—name of ill omen where more fighting and less of revolution is the want—been saluted by his new

ally, when a fresh and serious misfortune fell upon the French, the end of which we have probably not yet heard. The Army of the Loire, otherwise known apparently as the Fifteenth Corps, was defeated as soon as it fairly saw the enemy.

We knew from the letters of Versailles Correspondents that the CROWN PRINCE's army guarded the south side of Paris, from Versailles eastward in the following order:—Fifth Corps, Second Bavarians, Sixth, Eleventh, Wurtembergers; the Fourth Army (now called the Army of the Meuse, or Marne, for it has undergone more than one change of name) being on the North. It was stated publicly that the First Bavarians, who came up last from Sedan, were to be kept in second line; and this information might have prepared some of those gentlemen whose business it is to divine the coming events of the war for the fact that General DER TANN, of whose talents and energy Prussians no less than Bavarians think highly, was soon to be detached for some active field operations. And where could these be so necessary as against the new Army of the Loire, whose advance, as we noted last week, had been driving back the Prussian foragers on the north of the Loire, and raising hopes that might excite new enthusiasm throughout France? Early this week, therefore, DER TANN with the First Bavarians, strengthened by the CROWN PRINCE's Prussian cavalry, and by half of the infantry of the Eleventh Corps drawn from the circle of investment, was on his way towards Orleans. There is a more direct line of railroad than that through Orleans to Tours, diverging to the westward of it at Bretigny, and running through Châteaudun and Vendôme. It was necessary to watch this with cavalry in order to cover the right of DER TANN, and it was probably the advanced guard of a column sent for this purpose which was surprised and cut up by the Francs-tireurs at Ablis, about thirty-three miles from Paris, on the night of the 7th. However, on the next morning the Bavarians reached Étampes, the same distance from Paris on the Orleans line, which had been held for some days previously by the foraging party driven out from Touy, twenty miles further off, by General REYAU (or REYAN) on the 5th. The latter had fallen back a day's march from Touy after the trifling success he reported, and left his advanced guard of a brigade of troops at Arthenay, the next large village to the south. The officer in command, easily identified as General de LONGERUE, seems to have kept no better look-out than those who suffered for their carelessness at Weissenburg and Beaumont. Early on the morning of the 18th the Bavarians were close upon him, and soon began to drive his troops sharply southwards. General REYAU hastened to support his advanced guard with about 10,000 men, all that he had ready to his hand, regardless of his ignorance of the enemy's strength. Probably DER TANN's advance was mistaken for a separate and isolated detachment. At any rate the raw French troops were soon engaged with a body of Germans at least double their own strength, and forced back, with the loss of many prisoners and some guns, on Orleans, twelve miles from the scene of the morning's action. Some wood in front of the town here covered their retreat; but next day it was found necessary, after a sharp action, to withdraw to the left bank of the Loire. Whilst a body of Prussian cavalry which had crossed elsewhere were menacing the Tours railroad to the southward of Meung, the Bavarian General advanced to attack the troops of La MOTTE ROUGE, posted before the town. What support had now reached the division defeated on the 18th is not yet known, but we may be sure that an unfortunate affair such as had just occurred would seriously influence the defence of the suburbs. Before dark the French abandoned the attempt to hold the city, and DER TANN entered Orleans without further opposition. The worst enemy of that ancient city would probably not desire that it should have made a more prolonged resistance to the entry of those rough soldiers who so fearfully avenged their murdered comrades at Bazeilles.

Looking nearer to Paris, it will be seen that the Prussian cavalry, aided by guns, and here and there by small detachments of infantry, have succeeded in bringing the country districts adjoining their circle of investment into tolerable subjection, and collecting their surplus stores by requisition. Passing westward through a rough circle of about 50 miles radius round Paris from Clermont on the north, we find them occupying that place as well as Beauvais, Breteuil, and Gisors, next threatening Mantes and Rambouillet, collecting in force at Étampes, and finally connecting their operations through Coulommiers with the investment of Soissons and the immediate communications towards Laon and Châlons. Besides this work, they have managed to alarm Amiens and St. Quentin, as well as other places nearer their lines of advance from the

Rhine. On the whole, their cavalry have been extraordinarily active, and the local efforts to disturb their operations usually futile to an absurd degree.

Some of the troops lately employed before Strasburg have been directed southward to reduce Neu Brisach, which cannot long resist their attack; and an effort to distract them by a force operating from Epinal through the St.-Dié pass, and said to be under General CAMBRIEL, was met and decisively checked in the hills by a mere detachment of the Badeners under General GEGENFELD, who routed his adversaries, though superior in force, very thoroughly on the 6th, halfway between St. Dié and Epinal, which last place he has since occupied.

Before Metz the situation is not greatly changed, although it is admitted that the investing troops are of late suffering severely from those epidemics which had been predicted for the garrison, Prince FREDERIC CHARLES himself being among the sufferers. On the 7th BAZAINE put the resolution of the Germans to a severe test by a sortie in great force in the direction of Thionville. Yet this led to no practical immediate result, though the loss was heavy on both sides. And even this attack was not so conducted as to lead us to believe that the main body of the French were actually engaged in the effort to force their way out. Hitherto BAZAINE seems to content himself with simply harassing his besiegers, a proof apparently that he has not yet been brought to the end of his resources.

THE ETHICS OF WAR.

THE one question of absorbing interest in times of war is the simple one, Who is getting the best of it? And yet at intervals we may find occasion for speculating on some of the minor problems incidentally presented to us. What, for example, are the principles upon which we are to decide what modes of annoying the enemy are to be considered as honourable, and what as infamous? When more than a million of human beings are actively engaged in cutting each other's throats, what fragments of moral law can be considered as still binding? When actions which we should generally describe as murder are at the very top of the moral scale, and force and fraud, as Hobbes put it, are cardinal virtues, what are the virtues of a second rank? Must not our whole code be considered as temporarily suspended, and, amidst the utter inversion and confusion of peaceful modes of thinking, are we not reduced to the fearful simplicity of the rule that the man does his duty best who inflicts the greatest evils upon his adversary? Every now and then we read stories which sound incredibly shocking, and yet we hesitate in the general bewilderment of our judgments to pronounce any decided verdict upon them. Thus, for example, a Correspondent tells us that he has met half a dozen Frenchmen brought into the German camp with their hands tied, and understands that they are to be immediately shot. Their crime is that they have fired upon the invaders of their country without having been dressed in a proper uniform. It may be right that such actions should be summarily punished with death, and yet it would be wicked not to sympathize very sincerely with the offenders. If a French army were at the present moment encamped round the Crystal Palace, and an English gamekeeper were to take a quiet shot at a French soldier instead of a pheasant, we should be proud of his patriotism and very reluctant to blame him. The facts about the burning of Bazeilles are so much disputed that perhaps we have not the necessary materials for forming an opinion; but if a village were burnt because some of its inhabitants chose to help their own army without proper authorization, we should probably feel that a heavy penalty had been inflicted on men guilty of a very noble action. Or, to take another set of questions, it is difficult for the ordinary civilian mind to understand the refinements about lawful and unlawful methods of warfare. Why is it a specially infamous action to poison a well—the one mode of inflicting injury which seems to be unanimously abandoned as indefensible—when it is quite fair play to reduce any number of persons to die of starvation? Or what is the special objection to using explosive bullets when they do not exceed a certain size? When you are about killing a man, is it not well to kill him as effectually as possible, and to take care that he shall not only be wounded, but incapacitated from recovering from his wounds and returning to the field of action? After swallowing so many camels it seems to be almost a mockery to take so much pains in straining out a few insignificant gnats. When war has not disturbed our views of morality, we can stick to the simple principle of causing as little suffering as possible; but when that rule is once abandoned, and we have decided to cause a very large amount of suffering, how are we to draw the line and to settle precisely what modes of causing it are to come within the rules of the game?

There is one mode of cutting the knot, which was accepted to some extent by Mr. Mill in some recent discussions as to the liability of private property in case of war. War, it might be said on this showing, is simply a method of coercion by the infliction of pain. The sharper and sterner the pain inflicted, the quicker will be the result, and the greater the ultimate economy of suffering. Any rules which exempt persons from feeling the

evils of the war, in whatever shape it may be brought home to them, are a means of prolonging it unnecessarily. It is as well that not only the actual combatants, but the merchants and the pacific classes generally, should be made to share in the misfortune. This theory, it is further urged, would tend to suppress war in general. It is sometimes suggested that weapons will before long become so deadly that fighting will be put out of the question. In the same way, by allowing every possible mode of putting a stress upon every part of a hostile nation, war will soon become so hideous as to be altogether intolerable to civilized races. Make the essential barbarity of the proceeding evident, strip off the false colour of chivalry and sentiment by which its atrocity is at present concealed, and we shall shrink back in horror from the very notion of settling our difficulties by such means. Without inquiry into the application of this principle to certain problems of international law, it does not seem to be very sound in the cases we have suggested. Stated, indeed, in this unqualified manner, it confutes itself. If the Germans had massacred all their prisoners; if they had committed every kind of atrocity upon unoffending villagers; if they had cut down fruit-trees and poisoned wells and forced garrisons to surrender by preparing to hang miscellaneous Frenchmen on a conspicuous gallows outside the walls, every such act would of course have tended to intimidate the less courageous part of their enemies. No sort of cruelty can be mentioned which would not have more or less that effect. It is, however, equally clear that atrocities which are held to be superfluous generally excite more animosity than fear. The various stories which are current about German brutalities tend, as far as they are believed, to produce an unappeasable bitterness in a degree altogether disproportionate even to their imaginary extent; just as the German feeling against France was nourished by the old stories of wrongs suffered in the revolutionary wars, or even in the more distant times of the devastation of the Palatinate. Whatever the instantaneous effect of superfluous rigour on the actual observers, the assertion that it would permanently diminish war seems to be the very reverse of the truth. Every such act tends to generate that rankling desire for revenge which, if it does not actually produce war, helps to inflame any subsequent wounds to national vanity, and to make every trifling quarrel serious. The argument may be compared to the old device for putting down crimes by hanging in chains or by the pleasant process of drawing and quartering. Undoubtedly those concomitants to the ordinary penalty must have exercised a certain deterrent influence in particular cases; they associated a special horror with certain misdoings; but, on the other hand, the permanently brutalizing influence on the character was of far more importance in the long run than the special effect in individual cases. If war were rather more openly disgusting than at present, the ferocity which naturally produces wars would be stimulated rather than diminished; the love of peace would be rather diminished than increased; and we must therefore put our faith in remedies which affect the character far more deeply before we can hope for any sensible diminution of the military tendencies of mankind.

The question remains, What are superfluous horrors? and to this by the nature of the case it is impossible to find any distinct answer. It depends in each instance upon a delicate balancing of results. An explosive bullet does more damage than another, and to some degree influences the result of the war. It makes wounds deadly which would otherwise be trifling, and prevents the return of a small number of wounded men to the ranks. The question is, whether the injury thus done to the enemy is in fair proportion to the suffering inflicted; and it is impossible to find any arithmetical process of settling such facts. How much misery is to be set against how much military advantage? Is it right to subject a thousand human beings to great additional tortures in order to prevent a hundred of them from returning to the ranks? Or is it right to do it in order to prevent five hundred or fifty? and how much torture is to be allowed? No senior wrangler is qualified to deal with such problems; and we can only say in general terms that when the disproportion between means and results becomes very glaring, it is to be hoped that the mode of warfare in question will be discredited. War will in the long run incline to the side which has the best organization, the most numerous armies, the most skilful generals and so forth; and though it is possible to put in theory a case where the parties are so equally balanced that the pressure produced by exceptional severity would turn the scale, the case can hardly occur in practice. We may safely assume that the side which cannot win without explosive bullets will not win with them; and that the possible advantage to be gained will be insignificant in comparison with the misery caused, and the additional ill-feeling engendered. Nations must look forward to peace as well as to war, and cannot afford to irritate their adversary by acts of a certain degree of ferocity. It is to be hoped that an increasing number of modes of hostility may be placed in the same category.

The same principle may perhaps be applied to the case of combatants out of uniform. The dilemma offered to us is this; how can it be right for civilians to take part in war, and at the same time right for the enemy to shoot those whom he takes prisoner? The difficulty is really no greater than to explain how it can be right for a German to shoot a Frenchman, and at the same time right for a Frenchman to shoot a German? If there is to be a war at all, each side is justified in using the most effectual means for bringing it to a conclusion, so long as they stop short of certain cruelties. We have agreed to abandon in ordinary cases the practice of putting prisoners to death, though

it would undoubtedly both relieve ourselves and distress our enemy. It is a point of honour to treat them as well as possible, because on the whole a contrary course plainly produces evils altogether incommensurate with the temporary advantage. What then are the reasons for behaving differently in the case of unprofessional combatants? The first reason is, that such warfare has in all cases a necessary tendency to bring about a war of extirpation; it encourages the state of feeling in which all kinds of atrocities are perpetrated upon the defenceless population of the country occupied by the invading army; and it may fairly be said that in the interests of humanity it is desirable to take measures, however rigorous, which may effectually check so calamitous a tendency. If, in spite of such considerations, a civilian takes upon himself to indulge in acts of hostility, we may admire his courage, but he cannot complain if he has to exhibit it at the risk of martyrdom. But there is the further reason that, in many cases at least, such a mode of warfare is necessarily impotent. A people unprovided with even the elements of military organization can seldom hope to do anything more against an enemy than has been done by the professional combatants, except to produce a certain amount of suffering to individuals. Such attacks may therefore be condemned on the same ground on which we condemn the use of explosive bullets. The pain produced is out of all proportion to the influence on the fortunes of the war. Supposing, however, that this condition is reversed, the case will no longer be so clear. Let us imagine, for example, that it should become evident that the success of the Germans depended upon their power of defending their communications, and that those communications could be seriously endangered by the "rising as one man," of which we hear so much and see so little. In that case it is plain that the French people would be bound to adopt so powerful a weapon in spite of any threats of severity. The responsibility would then be thrown upon the other side. The shooting of a few prisoners would probably not prevent the rising, if the necessary conditions of success were present, and it would certainly very much inflame the ill-feeling. Ferocious retaliations would of course follow, and it would speedily come to a war in which no quarter would be given. The case, we may admit, is extremely hypothetical; but in such a case an extreme application of the laws of war would be inexpedient, and inexpediency in such questions is the only measure of morality. The real question is therefore a question of fact, for which it is impossible to lay down any precise rules. We must ask whether the measure proposed is really calculated to produce such an influence on the war as would be purchased at a moderate rate by the amount of suffering inflicted. Whether it is a question of using peculiarly deadly weapons, or of adopting irregular modes of carrying on hostilities, this is the really decisive consideration. The single civilian who shoots an enemy from behind a tree probably does a great deal more to bring about murders and atrocities of all kinds than to decide the war; but if two or three hundred thousand civilians could be induced to do the same thing, they might produce a very decided influence indeed. Undoubtedly there will always be ample room for discussion, and, as there is no umpire capable of enforcing his decisions, no conclusion satisfactory to all parties will generally be reached. All that we can say is that guerrillas will deserve not to be shot in cold blood when they can make it clearly worth while for the enemy to treat them with respect. Before that consummation is reached they must not complain if they are put down with the utmost stringency. They are heroes, but they must pay for the honour.

SOCIAL NOMADS.

AS there are wandering tribes which neither build houses nor pitch their tents in one place, so there are certain social nomads who never seem to have a home of their own, and who do not make one for themselves by remaining long in any other person's. They are always moving about, and are to be met everywhere; at all seaside places, at all show places, in Switzerland, France, Italy, and Germany, where they live chiefly in pensions at moderate charges, or in meagre lodgings affiliated to a populous *table d'hôte* much frequented by the English. For one characteristic of social nomads is the strange way in which they congregate together, expatiating on the delights of life abroad, while seeing nothing but the outside of things from the centre of a dense Britannic circle. Another characteristic is a chronic state of impecuniosity, and the desire of looking like the best on a fixed income of slender dimensions. Hence they are obliged to organize their expenditure on a very narrow basis, and therefore live in boarding-houses, pensions, or wherever good-sized rooms, a sufficient table, and a constant current of society are to be had at small individual cost. As they are people who travel much, they can speak two or three languages, but only as those who have learnt by ear and not by book; they know nothing of foreign literature, and but little of their own, save novels, and the class which goes by the name of "light." Indeed all the reading they accomplish is confined to newspapers, magazines, and novels; but at home, and among those who have not been to Berlin, who have never seen Venice, and to whom Paris is a dream still to be realized, they assume an intimate acquaintance with both the literature and the politics of the Continent—especially the politics—and laugh at the English press for its blindness and one-sidedness. They happen to know beyond all doubt how this Correspondent was bought over with so much money down, how that one is in the toils of such or such a

Minister's wife, why a third got his appointment, and how a fourth keeps his; and they could, if they chose, give you chapter and verse for all they say. If they chance to have been in India some twenty or thirty years ago, they will tell you why the Mutiny took place, and how the change of Government works; and they can put their fingers on all the sore places of the Empire, beginning with the distribution of patronage and ending with the deficiency of revenue, as aptly as if they were on the spot and had the confidence of the ruling officials. But in spite of these little foibles they are amusing companions as a rule, if shallow and radically ill-informed; and as it is for their own interest to be "good company," they have cultivated the art of conversation to the highest pitch of which they are capable, and can entertain if not instruct. When they aim at instruction, indeed, they are pretty sure to miss the mark; and the social nomad who lays down the law on foreign statesmen and politics, and who speaks "from personal knowledge," is just the one authority not to be accepted.

Living always in public, yet having to fight each for his own hand, the manners of social nomads in *pensions* are generally a strange mixture of suavity and selfishness; and the small intrigues and crafty stratagems going on among them for the possession of the favourite seat in the drawing-room, the special attention of the head-waiter at table, the earliest attendance of the housemaid in the morning, is in strange contrast with the ready smiles, the personal flatteries, the affectation of sympathetic interest kept for show. But every social nomad knows how to appraise this show at its just value, and can weigh it in the balance to a grain. He does not prize it much, for he knows one characteristic of these communities to be that everybody speaks against everybody else, and that they all concur in speaking against the management. Still, life seems to go easily enough among them. They are all well-dressed, and for the most part have their tempers under control; some of the women play well, and some sing prettily; there are always to be found a sufficient number of the middle-aged of either sex to make up a whist-table, where the game is sound, and sometimes brilliant; and there are sure to be men who play billiards creditably, and with a crisp, clean stroke worth looking at. And there are very often lively women who make amusement for the rest; but they are smartly handled behind backs, though they are petted in public and undeniably useful to the society at large.

The nomadic widow is by some odd fatality generally the widow of an officer, naval or military, to whose rank she attaches an almost superstitious value, thinking that when she can announce herself as the relict of a major or an admiral she has given an unanswerable guarantee and smoothed away all difficulties. She may have many daughters, but more probably she has only one; for where olive-branches abound nomadism is more expensive than house-keeping, and to live in her own house is less costly than a boarding-house. But of this one she makes much to the community, and specially calls attention to her simplicity and absolute ignorance of the evils so familiar to the girls of the present day; and she looks as if she expects to be believed. Perhaps credence is difficult; the young lady in question having been for some years considerably in public, where she has learnt to take care of herself with a skill which, how much soever it may be deserving of praise, cannot claim to be called ingenuous. She has need of this skill; for, apparently, she and her mother have no male relations belonging to them, and if flirtations are common with the nomadic tribe, marriages are rare. Poor souls, one cannot but pity them for all their labour in vain, all their abortive hopes. For though there is more society in the mode of life they have chosen than they would have had if they had lived quietly down in the village where they were known and respected, and where, who knows? the fairy prince might one day have alighted—there are very few chances; and marriages among "the inmates" are as rare as winter swallows. The men who live in these places, whether as nomadic or permanent guests, never have money enough to marry on; and the flirtations always budding and blossoming by the piano or about the billiard-table never by any chance fructify in marriage. But in spite of their infertile experience you see the same mother and the same daughter year after year, season after season, returning to the charge with renewed vigour, and a hope that is the one indestructible thing about them. Let us deal tenderly with them, poor impecunious nomads, drifting like so much sea-wreck along the restless current of their lives, and wish them some safe resting-place before it is too late.

A lady nomad of this kind, especially one with a daughter, is strictly orthodox, and cultivates with praiseworthy perseverance the society of any clergyman who may have wandered into the community of which she is a member. She is punctual in church-going, and the minister of the chapel where she attends is flattered by her evident appreciation of his sermons, and the readiness with which she can remember certain points of his Sunday's discourse. As a rule she is Evangelically inclined, and is as intolerant of Romanism on the one hand as of Rationalism on the other; she has seen the evils of both, she says, and quotes the state of Rome and of Heidelberg in confirmation. She is as strict in morals as in orthodoxy, and no woman who has got herself talked about, however innocently, need hope for much mercy at her hands; but her Rhadamanthine faculty has apparently ample occasion for exercise, for her *répertoire* of scandalous chronicles is extensive, and, if she is to be believed, she and her daughter are almost the sole examples of a pure and untainted womanhood

afloat. She is as rigid, too, in all matters connected with her social status, and brings up her daughter in the same way of thinking. By virtue of the admiral or the major, at peace in his grave, they are emphatically ladies, and, though nomadic, impecunious, and homeless, and *tant soit peu* adventuresses, class themselves as of the cream, and despise those whose rank is of the uncovenanted kind, and who are gentry, may be, by the grace of God only, without any Act of Parliament to help.

Sometimes the lady nomad is a spinster, not necessarily *passée*, though obviously she cannot be in her first youth; still she may be young enough to be attractive, and adventurous enough to care to attract. Women of this kind, unmarried, nomadic, and still young, work themselves into every movement afoot; and even face the perils and discomforts of war time, and tell their friends at home that they are going out as nurses to the wounded. That dash of the adventuress, of which we have spoken before, runs through all this section of the social nomads; and one wonders why some uncle or cousin, some aunt or family friend, does not catch them up in time. If not attractive or passably young, these nomadic spinsters are sure to be exceedingly odd. Constant friction with society in its most selfish form, the absence of home duties, the want of the sweetness and sincerity of home love, and the habit of change, bring out all that is worst in them, and kill all that is best. They have nothing to hope for from society, and less to lose; it is wearisome to look amiable and sweet-tempered when you feel bitter and disappointed; and politeness is a farce where the fact of the day is a fight. So the nomadic spinster who has lived so long in this rootless way that she has ceased even to make such fleeting friendships as the mode of life affords—has ceased even to wear the transparent mark of such thin politeness as is required—becomes a "character," notorious in proportion to her candour. She never stays long in one establishment, and generally leaves abruptly because of a misunderstanding with some other lady, or maybe because some gentleman has unwittingly affronted her. She and the officer's widow are always on peculiarly unfriendly terms, for she resents the pretensions of the officer's daughter, and calls her a "bold minx" or a "sly puss" almost within hearing; while she throws grave doubts on the widow herself, and drops hints which the rest of the community gather up like manna, and keep by them, to much the same result. But the nomadic spinster soon wanders away to another temporary resting-place; and before half her life is done she becomes as well known to the heads of the various establishments in her line as the taxgatherer himself, and dreaded almost as much.

Nomads are generally remarkable for not leaving tracks behind them. You see them here and there, and they are sure to turn up at Baden-Baden or at Vichy, at Scarborough or at Dieppe, when you least expect them; but you know nothing about them in the interim. They are like those birds which hibernate, at some place of retreat no one yet ever found; or like those which migrate, who can tell where? They come and they go, and you meet and part and meet again in all manner of unlikely places; and it seems to you that they have been over half the world since you last met, you meanwhile having settled quietly to your work, save for your summer holiday which you are now taking; and which you are enjoying as the nomad cannot enjoy any change that falls to his lot. He is sated with change; wearied of novelty; yet unable to fix himself now, however much he may wish it. He has got into the habit of change, and the habit clings even when the desire has gone. Always hoping to be at rest, always intending to settle as years flow on, he never finds the exact place to suit him; only when he feels the end approaching, and by reason of old age and infirmity is a nuisance in the community where formerly he was an acquisition, and where too all that once gave him pleasure has now become an insupportable burden and weariness—only then does he creep away into some obscure and lonely lodging, where he drags out his remaining days alone, and dies without the touch of one loved hand to smooth his pillow, without the sound of one dear voice to whisper to him courage, farewell, and hope. The home he did not plant when he might is impossible to him now, and there is no love that endures if there is no home in which to keep it; and so all the class of social nomads find when dark days are on them, and society, which cares only to be amused, deserts them in their hour of greatest need.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

IV.

WE have endeavoured to show that our home defence will, from every point of view, be best secured by the establishment of an army on the Reserve system. But as our foreign requirements have also to be provided for, we have further to consider whether those requirements should be met by the creation of a separate and specially enrolled force, or whether it will be advantageous to frame a system by which the troops serving at home and those serving abroad shall be linked together in one organization. Those who grasp the necessity of a large, trained, short-service army for home defence, and who appreciate at the same time the formidable, if not insuperable, difficulties which stand in the way of applying the short-service system to troops who have to garrison places as distant as India, China, and Japan, are tempted to solve the question by cutting the two classes of duties clean in two. No simpler scheme of Army reform could be devised than the establishment of a short-service army for home and a long-service army for distant foreign duties. Such a scheme is full

of attractions. There is an apparent completeness and sufficiency about it to meet all our needs. That the foreign service army must be practically separated from the home service army few would now deny. The conditions which the two forces have to satisfy are so different that what is suitable for the one set of conditions can hardly be suitable for the other. We have shown the disadvantages, if not the impossibility, of maintaining a numerous standing army for home purposes. It would be quite as easy to show the unsuitability of a short-service army for India and colonial defence. Just as expense is the leading objection to the standing, or long-service, army at home, so also is expense the leading objection to the reserve, or short-service, army abroad. And the conclusion seems so easy. Separate the two, and the difficulty vanishes. Enlist for India, and enlist for home. Make the two careers, and the conditions and emoluments thereunto appertaining distinct and independent.

But then the farther question arises, whether this solution be the best possible; whether it be really desirable to effect so complete a separation as is here supposed. That the army serving in India will be composed of men of long engagements, and the home army mainly of men of short engagements, is, we say, obvious. But there are many soldiers and politicians who are strongly of opinion that it would be unwise to carry out the separation completely, and who would view with extreme disfavour any attempt to create a local Indian army. The arguments by which these objections are supported are, however, almost entirely based upon the shortcomings of a force which was local in an extreme and rigid sense, which rendered homage only to a local Government, which had no root in the Imperial system, no home connexion whatever; which not only served exclusively in India, but did so under a system exclusively Indian. Such a force no one now desires to see re-established. That in many ways the old Company's army fell short of our conception of a well-disciplined, vigorous, thoroughly efficient force, may be admitted. But it is not now proposed to re-establish the Company's army, any more than it is proposed to re-establish the Company. Those who advocate the separation of the Indian from the foreign army would at least wish the latter to be trained in the first instance at home, to spring from the Imperial stem, to be rather a special branch of the Imperial forces engaged on a particular duty than a body wholly distinct from and independent of the Imperial military organization. That between the two forces there should be as close a connexion as their almost opposite circumstances of service will permit, is generally admitted. The practical question is, How far should that connexion extend? Should the Indian army only receive its recruit training in England, performing no home service whatever, and never returning to this country otherwise than by the retirement of individual members as their terms of service become successively completed? Is the Indian army to know no corporate existence in England, or is it to take a certain part in the home duties of the country whence it springs? To this we would reply, that the connexion between the two forces should be maintained as far as may be consistent with the proper satisfaction of the conditions which the two are required to fulfil. We should not resort to a complete separation unless it were found impracticable to contrive any other way of meeting the military defensive requirements of the country. The separation of the Indian from the home army is, we say distinctly, not a thing to be advocated on its merits, although the objections to it are not really so great as we are sometimes taught to believe. We would rather have a military organization sufficiently broad and homogeneous to unite all branches of our forces. We have no wish to lose at home the valuable experience of Indian warfare, or in India the more cautious and cultivated practice of European campaigns. Nor do we desire wantonly to sacrifice the many advantages which we recognise as belonging to a union between our Indian and home forces. But, on the other hand, we are equally unwilling to lose the still greater advantages which belong to the Reserve army system for home defence—the only system, as we have seen, under which we can hope to place those defences on a really satisfactory footing. To secure these advantages, these necessities of a national military existence as we might call them, we are prepared to throw overboard the purely subordinate advantages which we derive from the connexion of our home and Indian armies. If we are compelled to resort to either extreme, our course is, we think, clear.

But is it necessary to go to either extreme? We believe that it is not. We believe that we may have the Reserve army system in full development at home, and the long-service system for Indian and distant foreign service, without any breach of unity. It appears to us that this may be accomplished in more than one way; and without any such compromise of the lengths of service as would give us a term neither long nor short—six or seven years, for example—a term which, while it would fail to secure to us the full advantages of either system, would be open to many of the objections of both.

The true solution of the question may, we think, be found in a modification of the scheme which Lord Monck advocated in the House of Lords a year and a-half ago, and by which the separation of the home and foreign armies is reduced to a minimum. The plan may be roughly described as the Nursery Battalion system. It consists in the formation of battalions through which all men would pass, whether their ultimate destination were the long-service army or the Reserve. In one of these battalions the recruit would receive his military training. At

the end of a certain period (Lord Monck suggested two years) the soldier—for we may no longer call him a recruit—would be called upon to make his election between passing upwards into the regular battalion, or downwards into the Reserve. In the event of his electing for regular service, he would be passed into the first, or regular battalion, for a certain term of years, during which he would be liable to service in any part of the habitable globe where his regiment might be required. In the event of his electing for the Reserve, he would be released from service with the colours, being retained upon the reserve list of the nursery battalion, and liable for a term of years to general service in case of war. He would, however, be free to follow his civil vocation, receiving a small retaining fee, and being called out during his reserve service for such occasional training as might be necessary to maintain his military efficiency. The Indian and colonial service would all be taken by the first or long-service battalions, of which a proportion would be retained at home for the purpose of relieving those abroad, and to form the first line of home defence. The nursery battalions would, as their name implies, constitute the training battalions for the whole force—whether regular or reserve—and, together with the first battalions, they would furnish an efficient force for home defence, besides being available for Continental wars.

Such is the bare outline of a scheme which, judiciously applied, is capable, we believe, of satisfying in an eminent degree the military requirements of the country. It is obvious that such a scheme admits of almost infinite modifications in detail, and we may at once express our opinion that the particular application of it which Lord Monck proposed is in many respects unsatisfactory. But this does not affect the broad principles of the proposal—namely, the principle of making the whole military organization spring from a common root, and branch out into a long-service force in one direction and into a reserve force in the other, actual separation between the two being avoided.

Before proceeding to sketch what we believe would be the most suitable application of the system, it seems desirable to set forth and recognise distinctly the merits which such a system would appear to possess. In the first place, it has the important recommendation of resting upon a broad and intelligible basis—that of a thoroughly homogeneous organization. The reproach to which our present military system is conspicuously open, of want of unity between its elements, is completely avoided. The members of a force thus composed are, in fact, so closely drawn together as to form, in deed as well as in name, the members of one body military, mutually dependent upon and related to each other. The system is one which would give us thoroughly trained reserves, of any strength that might be desired. The organization of the nursery battalions, with their proportion of men in active training and their larger proportion of trained men in reserve, is one which affords them almost unlimited capabilities of immediate and efficient expansion. The regular army would be entirely composed of trained soldiers. It would not have a recruit in its ranks. We should not have a recruit abroad. And thus a recommendation which the Recruiting Commissioners of 1866 made, both on the score of health and on that of efficiency, that "none but thoroughly trained soldiers should be sent abroad," would be satisfied. The battalions which would have to bear the brunt of a home or Continental war would also be composed, like those of Prussia, partly of long-service soldiers, partly of trained soldiers drawn from the Reserve, and in small part of men in their first period of training. The home army would thus possess a considerable leaven of old, but not too old, soldiers. The evils and hitherto unsurmountable difficulties of the dépôt system would be avoided, for all dépôts would cease to exist, the supplies for the standing battalions being drawn direct from the nursery battalions, which would do all the recruiting. The system is specially well adapted for the application of the plan of localizing regiments which almost every army reformer has earnestly advocated. The affiliation of the nursery battalions with the regular battalions on the one hand, and with the reserves on the other, thus securing a complete local and territorial organization, constituted, indeed, a salient feature of Lord Monck's scheme. The maintenance at home of a large body of comparatively idle men and officers would be avoided, since the nursery battalions would be composed entirely of men engaged in active training, and of officers actively occupied with their instruction; and the regular battalions at home need only be sufficiently numerous to furnish the foreign reliefs, and to give stability to the younger home army. The officers would have a real and personal interest in the training of men with whom they would be more or less associated during the whole of their career; and the men would equally acquire an interest in and personal affection for officers with whom they would be destined always to serve. The *esprit de corps* which contributes in so large a degree to the moral force of our army would be amply sustained and developed under such a system. The men and officers of each territorial division would practically be linked together as in a single regiment, and would have a real interest in maintaining the efficiency of every part of the force which contributed to compose the division to which they belonged. The system would afford the freest scope for development in every direction. Thus, in the regular battalions re-engagements might be as much or as little encouraged as might be desired; and the period of service in the reserves might be extended or diminished from time to time according as the exigencies of the country might seem to demand. The difficulties in the way of collecting and bringing together the men of the Reserve for training would be minimized.

if not altogether overcome, since the whereabouts of all the Reserve men in the division would be known to the officers and magistrates of the district; the personal knowledge which the former would possess of the characters and habits of the men in their own district could hardly fail to exercise a useful check upon the class of recruits among whom enlistment would be carried on; while the misbehaviour of any particular soldier would become known throughout his district, and tend to raise dismissal from the service into a more real disgrace and punishment than it is at present; and, conversely, any rewards for good conduct would be more really appreciated. The formation of large camps of instruction would be greatly facilitated by the comparative proximity of the men's homes to head-quarters; and the compactness and homogeneity of the whole system would be generally favourable to military efficiency. The enumeration of the advantages which such a system would bestow might be extended. They may all be summed up in the statement that such a system readily adapts itself to, and tends to secure the satisfaction of, the three fundamental requirements of national defence — numerical strength, efficiency, and organization; while it practically gets rid of the separation of the home and foreign forces which it is desirable if possible to avoid.

If this general view of the system be accepted, it will be necessary to discuss its fuller development and to consider how it may be most profitably and economically applied.

THE FALL OF THE TEMPORAL POWER.

IT is remarkable how little attention has been excited by the sudden, and to all appearance final, collapse of the Temporal Power, which has just been formally consummated by the decree annexing Rome to the Italian Kingdom. For at least ten or eleven years the subject has been hotly discussed by politicians and divines of every class. Statesmen have denounced the institution in Parliament as a violation of the principles of natural justice, while Ultramontane divines have preached and written as though they considered it the primary article of the creed. But theologians have lately been absorbed by the infallibilist controversy, while political interest is centred in the great European struggle. Meanwhile, the event which had so long been looked forward to by one party, and dreaded and denounced by another, occurs almost unnoticed as an episode in the war, or, rather, in the equally sudden and far more startling collapse of French ascendancy in Europe. The principality of Rome drops like ripe fruit into the lap of the Italian Kingdom, and Victor Emmanuel merely stoops to pick up what he is probably sincere in assuring the Pope that he was not striving to acquire. The entrance of the Italian troops, the plebiscite, and the Royal decree follow one another by a natural sequence; and the dethronement of Pio Nono, which hardly seemed nearer at the close of the Council, two short months ago, than it had been at any time during the last ten years, is an actual fact, which it is one of the first official acts of the infallible Pontiff to protest against, but which he is powerless to avert. For those, however, who do not share the sanguine expectations said still to be cherished at the Vatican of a speedy restoration of the Papal Government, it is a question of some interest what effect the overthrow of a system which has lasted under various modifications for about eleven centuries is likely to have on the Church with whose destiny and administration it has long been so intimately bound up. The Pope and his Ultramontane counsellors may be excused for listening with some suspicion to the smooth prophecies of increased spiritual influence addressed to them by Protestant consolers, whose hatred of his temporal power is in reality partly dictated, and greatly exceeded, by their hatred of his spiritual claims. Nor can any one blame them for sharing the opinion as to the probable tenure of the Leonine city to which Roman epigrammatists have already given expression under the ancient formula, understood in a new sense, S. P. Q. R. But if cynical statesmen and patronizing Protestants are not unnaturally regarded by the dispossessed Pontiff as Job's comforters in his affliction, he must be aware that there are two opinions among his faithful children on the point at issue, and that men who cannot be suspected of any disloyalty to the Roman Catholic Church have contemplated with something more than equanimity the approaching humiliation of the Roman Curia. When Pasaglia assailed the temporal power ten years ago, he was, as he may be still for aught we know, a fervid Ultramontane in his religious belief. Dr. Döllinger, who wrote on the subject about the same period far more cautiously, and even thought the temporal power "indispensable so long as the existing order lasts in Europe," nevertheless warned his readers "not to lose faith in the Church if it should disappear for ever," and he was able to conceive "a political condition of Europe in which it would be superfluous, and then it would be only a burden and impediment." His estimate was founded, as was natural, on an historical review, and we cannot do better than follow his example in inquiring what the temporal power has done for the Papacy in the past, before pronouncing what its loss may be expected to effect in the future. There is much in the history, if we are not mistaken, to show that the possession of civil sovereignty has not, to say the very least, been an unmixed gain to the spiritual interests of the Church.

During the whole of the primitive ages, the period usually regarded by Roman Catholics and Protestants alike as the purest and grandest epoch of Christian history, there was no temporal power.

The age of the Martyrs, the Fathers, the early Councils, the consolidation of the creeds, and the conversion of the greater part of the civilized world, had passed away before the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, at the close of the eighth century—suggested no doubt partly by the fabulous donation of Constantine—established the civil principedom of the Popes. But with the fall of the Carolingian dynasty the ecclesiastical system of its founder fell too, and for above two centuries, during which the moral influence of the Holy See had sunk to its lowest ebb, the greater part of the Papal States were again in the hands of laymen. At the close of that period Gregory VII., the founder of the spiritual sovereignty as it has since been understood, and the author, in one sense, of Ultramontane pretensions, never held firmly the sceptre of temporal sovereignty, and died in exile. During the whole of the twelfth century the Popes had no fixed territory of their own in Italy; and Innocent III., at the beginning of the thirteenth, to quote Dr. Döllinger, "was not so much the restorer as the first actual founder of the Papal States." From that time dates the famous division of the Guelph and Ghibelline parties, and the active mingling of the Popes in political contests, and from that time also dates their habitual and unscrupulous employment of spiritual machinery for purely secular ends. Indulgences, excommunications, and interdicts were freely lavished on the adherents or assailants of the cause they had made their own; and the heaviest censures of the Church, which were supposed to exclude from the communion of the faithful in this world and the communion of saints in the next, were even more frequently the penalty of a revolted city or of the non-payment of a salt-tax than of the gravest heresy or of the grossest moral offences. And this, it must be observed, was a direct consequence of the temporal power. We need not go through the history of the Avignon Captivity, further than to remark that, at the end of it, when grass was growing in the streets of Rome, and the number of citizens was reduced to 17,000, there was a universal demand for an Italian Pope, and since then very few but Italians have sat on the Chair of Peter. Meanwhile the vice of nepotism, which had all along been the standing scandal of the Papal Court, grew worse and worse through the fifteenth century, till it culminated under Alexander VI., who alienated the greater part of his dominions in favour of his son, Cesare Borgia. As Hildebrand was the second founder, Julius II. may be called the restorer and third founder of the Papal States. Döllinger goes so far as to say that "it was not till the time of Leo X. (who succeeded him) that the Popes held quiet possession of the State with its three million of inhabitants." Since then nepotism has not taken the form of alienating Papal territory, which was indeed expressly forbidden by Pius V., under threat of excommunication, and an oath to that effect imposed on each successive Pontiff—the oath on which the *non possessus* argument is based. And it is worth noting that from that time also dates the ecclesiastical administration of the States of the Church, and with it that growing bitterness against the *governo dei preti* which has done so much to accelerate in our own day the downfall of the system. Some attempt was made by Pius IX., in his early reforming days, to introduce a lay element into the governing body; but it is a practical, if not theoretical, impossibility that such attempts should prove successful. The Roman States have been governed by ecclesiastics ever since there has been any regular Government there at all, and the principles on which alone the "Pope King" could consent to govern are morally incompatible with the machinery of a lay Cabinet responsible to an elected Parliament. On the other hand, it is not a little remarkable that, as their political interests constantly involved the medieval Popes in unseemly contests and a more than unseemly use of spiritual weapons, many Popes since the Reformation have been led by similar motives to adopt a policy little in harmony with their ecclesiastical position. Clement VII. supported the Smalkaldic League against Charles V.; Urban VIII. favoured the distinctly Protestant enterprise of Gustavus Adolphus; Innocent XI. sanctioned William III. in his claims upon England. The exigencies of their civil sovereignty were constantly made use of by other Governments to extort from the Popes what they would otherwise have never conceded, and Pius VI. and Pius VII. are said to have felt bound to postpone their spiritual to their secular interests, "regarding the quality of a territorial prince more highly than that of the head of the Church."

On the whole, it can hardly be denied that a very strong case may be made out against the temporal power, considered simply in its bearing on purely Catholic interests, if the verdict of history is to be consulted. From the very first it has involved the spiritual chiefs of Christendom in an almost unbroken series either of wars or political intrigues, with a view to keep or to recover or to augment their dominions. And this again has led to the most revolting prostitution of their spiritual office to purely temporal ends. In later days, when they have comparatively abstained from interference in foreign politics, their Government has been more vexatious at home, and has taught their subjects to identify orthodoxy with absolutism. Yet the claim to a *jure divino* royalty, which Lord Herries and others have lately been putting forward in defence of the rights of the Popes against what they are fond of stigmatizing as "the usurping Piedmontese Government," is so little borne out by their own official teachings that Gregory XVI. in 1831 expressly declared to the French Legitimist clergy that "the Church recognised none but *de facto* governments." The intellectual results of the system

of ecclesiastical government may be judged by the fact that, as Döllinger says, "ninety-nine in every hundred (at Rome) had never taken a book or newspaper in their hands," and "in the finest and mentally most richly endowed part of Italy, we are literally without any literature at all." Its moral results, which are closely connected with this intellectual poverty, were unpleasantly illustrated by the revenue regularly derived by the State from the official lottery. These last, however, are matters which immediately concern the city rather than the Church of Rome. It is most important here to point out the dominant Italianism which the present system has introduced into every department of the administration and moral life of the Church, and which is the direct consequence of the head of the Church being an Italian, as he inevitably must be if he is also to rule an Italian State. The great majority of the Cardinals, who form the civil court of the Pontiff, and are also virtually a kind of standing Committee for the ordinary government of the Church, are naturally enough taken from the nation to which he himself necessarily belongs. And hence the whole theological and disciplinary system of the Church, which claims to embrace all nations in its worldwide fold, is practically modelled on the intellectual and moral type of one particular nation. Thus, to take one conspicuous illustration, the prevalent use throughout the Roman Catholic Church of Liguori's moral theology, which accords so ill with Dr. Newman's English feeling about truthfulness, as we gather from the *Apologia*, is simply due to its Italian origin. St. Irenaeus considered Rome the great centre of Christendom because, owing to the influx of visitors from every side, it absorbed into itself the traditions of every province or diocese of the Church. But the process has long since been reversed, and the approved measure of orthodoxy for the rest of Christendom is the measure of its Italianization in a clerical sense. Thus nine-tenths of the Roman Congregations, which regulate all ecclesiastical concerns down to the minutest details, are composed of Italians, and those only are regarded as genuine Catholics who have learnt to think and feel and pray after the clerico-Italian model. And hence the *Civiltà*, the official organ of Rome, has actually laid down the principle that, as the Jews were God's chosen people under the Old Testament dispensation, so are the Romans under the New; "they have a supernatural dignity." All this can hardly fail in the long run to prove a source of weakness, not of strength, to the Church.

At the same time we believe it is a perfectly correct instinct which has led the Pope and his Ultramontane courtiers to protest to the last against the destruction of the secular sovereignty. So far as they merely require guarantees for the independent exercise of the Pope's spiritual authority, it is clearly the interest of Catholic States that the claim should be complied with. Nor does there seem anything unreasonable in the proposal which the Italian Government is said to contemplate, that these States should be invited to contribute towards the Pope's civil list. But neither his spiritual independence nor his temporal support is at all necessarily connected with the possession of civil sovereignty. Pius IX. has for many years been as dependent, politically, on the French Emperor as he well could be on the Italian Government; and Gregory I., who was a subject, was far more powerful in Europe than Gregory XVI., who was a reigning sovereign. What is really dependent for its adequate carrying out on the temporal power is not the freedom of the Church or of the Holy See from secular interference, but the exercise of that elaborate and minute system of Roman absolutism which Ultramontane theory and modern practice agree in representing as the one true ideal of the government of the Church, and the normal condition of its healthy development. The Vatican Council, for instance, could never have been managed, as it was managed, from December to July last—and in fact it would never have been convoked—if Rome had not been the seat of a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereignty, where the Father of the Faithful also had the control of the police. It is rash to prophesy, but we may pretty safely assume that the collapse of the temporal power must involve sooner or later the collapse, or the material remoulding, of the Curia as it has existed for some centuries past; and the Curia practically forms the dominant power in the Church. What had no existence for the first seven or eight centuries of Christian history, and has hardly rested on any firm and settled basis for more than three or four centuries, cannot be said with any plausibility to be necessary for the interests of Catholicism; but it may be, and no doubt is, necessary for the due realization of the Ultramontane ideal, to which it has long been subservient, and which has just been consecrated under its kindly shelter into a dogma of the Court, if not into a dogma of the Church.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

IT must be admitted that the qualifications required of a newspaper War Correspondent are such as will not often be found united in any one person. Ability to undergo fatigue and rough living is the smallest part of the gifts needed. Unless strongly accredited to a recognised official position, a Correspondent, to get really good information, must be a pushing, inquisitive fellow of the Boswell type, constantly asking questions and not readily put down or snubbed, nor too much oppressed with a sense of his being an encumbrance in the camp and regarded as not at all necessary to the performance of the business in hand. Some of

the Correspondents during the present war, indeed, have taken rather a high tone on this last point, and we all remember the indignant protest raised on the outbreak of hostilities by the refusal of the commanders on both sides to admit Correspondents to their camps. A good many platitudes went round the press then about the dignity and importance of the War Correspondent's avocations, and we were told indeed that he had become a necessary feature of modern armies, while a strong appeal was made to the vanity of each side, by pointing out the enhancement which its coming triumphs would gain in the estimation of the world if duly chronicled by Our Own Correspondent. That the public generally has gained by the institution of these functionaries may be admitted, but the gain has been simply in the gratification of our curiosity. An intelligent man in such a position, qualified to make use of it, may no doubt derive most valuable information, if treated with confidence, for he is in effect on the footing of an officer on the staff, with uninterrupted leisure to look about him and record all that he sees. But then he cannot make public any confidential information, so that even he, like the rest, is obliged to limit himself in the first instance to mere word-painting. This, then, is all that we get in any case. The experience of this war would of course have been invaluable if gathered at the time by some members of our own army, as showing exactly what the troops on each side did or did not do, and the prohibition placed on British officers from attending the armies is on this account very much to be regretted. As it is, we shall have to derive almost all our knowledge of the war in its scientific aspect at second hand from German and French pens, at some indefinite future period, while in the meantime, from lack of the proper kind of Correspondent, the daily newspapers have not always been too well served, even in the way of popular description.

For it is not sufficient in these cases merely to be able to see; a man should be able to draw a reasonable inference from what he does see, and this some of these gentlemen appear quite incapable of doing. As specimens indeed of clear description of what passed before them, we may cite the account of the battle of Sedan given in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that of Gravelotte in the *Daily News*. In the latter case the writer succeeded very fairly in imparting his impression of the large extent of the battle-field and the enormous numbers of the combatants, although it is clear he had no distinct apprehension of the tactical movements of the day, while the graphic account given of himself, bobbing up and down from behind the shelter of a friendly wall while witnessing the battle, bears about it all the marks of reality. Then the diary of the *Times* Correspondent who was taken prisoner by a Bavarian captain, and was compelled to follow the fortunes of a battery of artillery the day before the battle of Sedan, was natural and interesting, although it was no more a description of a battle than of a picnic. But when Correspondents begin to give us their inferences from the facts they witness, they as often as not go woefully astray. A very common, albeit natural, error for them to fall into, for example, is to magnify the severity of the fighting and the extent of the loss in the battles at which they assist. Thus we have heard a great deal about the enormous slaughter in the battles round Metz, and no doubt the number of killed and wounded was, absolutely, very great, which is not surprising if the size of the combatant armies be considered. But the Correspondents clearly believe that not only absolutely, but relatively, the carnage was exceptionally tremendous, whereas a little reflection and acquaintance with facts should have satisfied them that in truth it was just the reverse, and that these battles have been attended with an unusually small proportion of loss. Thus one writer, after talking about the "unparalleled carnage" of Gravelotte, adds that the Germans admit a loss of at least 20,000 men. This is as if one were to say, "Frightful mortality of London, 1,200 deaths in a week." The Germans must have had more than 200,000 men at Gravelotte, at a very moderate computation, so that the casualties amounted to less than one in ten—very much less than those of the victors at Eylau, Borodino, Leipsic, and very many other great battles, including Waterloo and most of those fought by Frederic the Great. In fact, the comparatively small loss sustained by the Germans in this war can only be accounted for on the supposition that they have seldom met with a really stubborn resistance at any point. Again, a favourite expression with the War Correspondent is that a regiment has been "decimated," which term is plainly intended to signify that its loss has been exceptionally heavy, for it is usually followed up by a picturesque account of the "shattered remnant" coming victorious out of action. Now if ten men go out for a walk, and one of them turns back, the rest of the party would not find themselves in at all a shattered or disorganized condition in consequence of this defection. And if a battalion a thousand strong is decimated in going up a hill, there still remain nine hundred men untouched to do the needful work at the top of it; and in fact only a person accustomed to judge of numbers would notice the deficiency.* The truth is, that for a regiment to be decimated only is to come off very cheaply; very few regiments which take any sensible part in a great action escape with so small a loss. As for the cavalry charges which have been described by so many hands, we can only say that so far there is absolutely no evidence that a single real charge has actually taken place on either side. Cavalry have advanced under fire, no doubt, and suffered heavily in so doing, but that they have actually got to the point of charging the enemy and using their sabres, is a statement unsupported thus far by any proof.

Another article of belief with Correspondents is that the num-

ber of men killed in this war is unusually large as compared with the number wounded, which so-called fact is of course ascribed to the greater precision of modern arms, as if the soldiers on either side actually took aim at each other individually in the heat of battle. The latest Prussian returns, however, show that the proportion of killed to wounded on their side has been hitherto only as one to four, whereas the average proportion in former wars has usually been as one to three. This more favourable rate would seem to show that the greater penetration of modern projectiles has been more than compensated for by the random way in which fire is opened at long ranges; but the Correspondents generally do not appear to have any perception of the incorrectness of the inferences they draw on this point from what they see around them.

But War Correspondents are difficult to find. As we said before, the class of men who are qualified for this sort of work, in health, knowledge, and powers of observation, must necessarily be limited, and the number of such qualified persons who would be willing to undertake the post, with all the unpleasant conditions attached to it, must be smaller still; but men qualified to act as general Correspondents at some distance from the seat of war, with a certain amount of discrimination in distinguishing between fact and gossip, ought not to be difficult to find. Nevertheless, here too there appear to be a great many square men in round holes. As a specimen, for example, of what a correspondent ought not to be, the French Correspondent of the *Standard* is conspicuous. All facts served up in the *Standard* have certainly to be seen through French spectacles, and a bias in favour of his own side may reasonably be looked for in a Frenchman; but no class of readers is likely to derive any useful impression from the representations this gentleman makes of the preparations for national defence—say in his letter published on the 28th of September, where we are told that “a great people is rising; all weapons are efficient in good hands; knives, pickaxes, spades, axes, will be terribly skilfully handled by a desperate mob.”

“March to meet the enemy in columns of hundreds of thousands, encircle the German armies with six millions of citizens ready to die or to be victorious; such is the order of the day since the last insult offered to France by the German potentate. The programme is sublime!” Sublime indeed. This gentleman evidently thinks that the want of firearms is rather a fortunate circumstance than otherwise, while desperate people are notoriously skilful in the use of their weapons. On the 7th instant he writes a letter from Tours, which appeared in the *Standard* of the 11th, and contains the following important facts. At Paris “things are going on admirably. The Prussians have not won the least advantage,” which, as they are waiting for their siege train, is indeed surprising; “the troops (regular) have *retaken* their moral courage in witnessing the firmness of the Mobiles and National Guards.” As to the battle of Tourny, the Prussians, “notwithstanding their strength, their superior artillery, their fine cavalry, have been compelled to retreat precipitately; in fact they have been routed”—the latter result being, of course, a necessary result of the retreat. “The cuirassiers behaved magnificently in the affair,” which apparently consisted mainly in street fighting, and although “the losses are not exactly known yet,” because the Germans carried off their wounded, yet “they have been far more considerable on the German side”; and, as if any further evidence were wanting, it is added that no less than forty-seven prisoners have been brought to Orleans with the French wounded, who “seem quite happy of their sort” (the *Standard*, by the way, evidently thinks these letters too valuable to be spoilt by translation), “and to have had quite enough of warfare”—as if there were ever a prisoner taken who was not reported to be rather pleased than otherwise at the involuntary change of sides.

This is the sort of stuff which is served up as authentic information about the war. It is only fair to add that the *Standard's* Diarist of the War accepts the facts which this and other Correspondents supply with due reservation, and indeed that impartial Diary is a capital antidote for the veracious accounts to be found in the other parts of that paper. Not, however, that all its Correspondents are of the same calibre. The one with the Army of the Loire, although his sympathies are properly on the side to which he is attached, is keenly alive to the vices of the French administration, and nothing can well be more desponding than the views expressed by him in the letters published in the *Standard* of the 6th inst. The army of the Rhone exists as yet only in idea. No steps are yet taken to embody the recruits into anything like a compact mass. The really weak point of the army will be the field artillery. No officer has been appointed to the command of the army at Bourges, and everybody knows that an army is nothing until it gains confidence in its general. The regular troops are thoroughly demoralized, while the Mobiles of the South are chiefly undersized boys of seventeen or eighteen, badly fed and badly set up. Nobody seems to know anything; the army of the Loire is mainly occupied in lounging about the cafés, playing dominoes and billiards, and there is not one serious attempt at drill. Well may Our Correspondent say, “Really it is disheartening”; while the climax of pity and despair is reached when an officer of high rank, a veteran of Algeria, the Crimea, and Italy, takes the Correspondent to his own house, and there, “burying his face in his hands,” more than corroborates all that the former had written as to the want of organization, preparation, and everything else needed to make an army out of indifferent recruits. Such are the impressions derived by an evidently conscientious writer from

what he himself saw; but these melancholy forebodings are completely dispelled by a visit to General de la Motte Rouge, the chief commander of the army, according to whom nothing can be more satisfactory than the state of things. Both he and the chief of the artillery are perfectly satisfied, not only with the number of guns at their disposal (it being of course well known that only a small part of the French field artillery was attached to the armies of MacMahon and Bazaine), but with the skill of the men who have to man them; and by the following Thursday, thought the General, he should be in a position to move the army to the North. In corroboration of this opinion, Our Correspondent saw a train just arrived from Bordeaux, by *grande vitesse*, with guns sufficient for “several batteries of artillery,” admirably equipped, horses for which “have been waiting here for some days,” also admirably broken in, no doubt. In fact, so satisfactory was everything that Our Correspondent was transported from the depth of despondency to an extreme of elation, and he came back from his interview with General de la Motte Rouge under the impression that not only was all well with the army of the Loire, but “that the Prussians have been exceedingly lucky in taking Strasburg at the moment it fell, for that in another week or ten days they would have been compelled to abandon the siege.” Even Our Correspondent, however, cannot but feel a passing doubt as to this combination of the army's efficiency with the state of things he had himself witnessed, but this is at once satisfactorily cleared up by the General's assurance that the “apparent want of discipline will disappear the moment the troops face the Prussians; the General evidently thinking that a little play now will make the men work better when the work comes.” In fact the want of discipline is rather a good thing than otherwise. No explanation could be more sensible or satisfactory, and whatever we may think about the discernment of Our Correspondent, there can be but one opinion as to the General's astuteness. He has certainly pitched upon the right instrument for disseminating as widely as possible any puffs he wants made known.

‘s HERTOGENBOSCH.

OUR imagination has often been exercised with conjectures upon the probable destinies of that great multitude—artistic, fashionable, and academic—who went about filling up the intervals of spring-tide small talk with valorous determinations to go and see the Amercan Mystery. A rash announcement on our part of such a resolve brought us acquainted with more would-be fellow-travellers than we can well sum up. Did they do the Lakes, or lionize New York? Rumours have been afloat of an unprecedentedly full and prosperous season at Margate, and it struck us that perhaps our friends took refuge in that pleasant place. It is certain that they did not think of that short and interesting trip to the neutral Netherlands to which we betook ourselves with a single misgiving, happily falsified, that the swarms of fellow-countrymen at every *table d'hôte* would prove an obstacle to that free use of foreign tongues by which we hoped to improve our accent. In fact, with all his boast of travel, the Englishman—even when he moves about for something less trivial than killing time and stifling boredom—is, with some rare exceptions, at bottom gregarious and unoriginal. Certain countries and certain places have been sanctified in his eyes by Murray, Ball, or Baedeker, and thither, even with some little personal trouble, he cheerfully makes his pilgrimage. But let Bismarck or Napoleon break up his routes, and his impulse is to fall back upon Brighton or the Trossachs. Yet Western Europe contains numberless nooks almost unknown, though easily and cheaply accessible, and amply remunerative to the tourist who cares to think for himself. Of these we fell in with one this summer of which we have less scruple in revealing the existence because since we were there it will have become, as it was not even at the beginning of September, accessible by rail from Amsterdam. ‘s Hertogenbosch—translated into Bois-Duc by the French (Duke's Bush, as the Australians would say)—is to nearly every Englishman only a name in its foreign, and not even one in its native, appellation, while Baedeker absolutely passes it over in silence. Nevertheless, it is a cheerful old-world town of more than 20,000 inhabitants, standing in the north-eastern corner of the Dutch province of North Brabant, on an affluent of the Meuse, and not far from the point where it meets the Waal, and—although the lesser river—imposes its own name upon the stream, which is in reality the main branch of the Rhine. It is strongly fortified, and has paid the penalty of its strength in various sieges. Its general aspect is something between the typical aspect of a Dutch and of a German town, presenting gables, grassy ramparts topped with red houses, a few canals, tree-planted places (one of them strangely like a village green), and picturesque bits; but destitute, with a single exception, of any building of noticeable architectural merit. The inhabitants seem a good-natured, primitive kind of people, so little accustomed to the invasion of tourists that a few weeks ago the landlord of the roomy old inn offered hospitable welcome to a highly respectable English family, travelling with a good deal of luggage, as a troop of strolling players.

The one attraction for which ‘s Hertogenbosch deserves to be visited is its Cathedral of St. John, visible in that flat district above the humbler roofs for many miles. It is a great mistake to suppose that Holland is wanting in large mediæval churches. On the contrary, there is hardly any considerable town which does not show one or more of considerable dimensions and imposing

outline. Sometimes, as at Utrecht and Haarlem, the cathedral stands high among European minsters. But in most cases the building has been ruthlessly adapted to Calvinistic worship, stripped, whitewashed, and choked with galleries and pews. The church at 's Hertogenbosch had its period of Calvinistic occupation, but apparently with little damage to its artistic features. However, Napoleon I. restored it to the Roman Catholics, who form the majority of the population of that part of Holland, and they have kept it ever since, while on the occasion of the Dutch Papal Aggression, which followed closely upon our own, it was made the seat of a bishopric. Local admirers believe it was built at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century, but the unanswerable evidence of style proves that, although it may have been commenced at that date, the church in its bulk belongs to the Flamboyant period. The plan is cast on a grand type. A western tower, lower than the body of the church and capped by a late but graceful steeple, with wing-like chapels, opens into a nave of seven bays—with arcade, triforium, and clerestory—flanked by double aisles, all simply vaulted. To this succeed a lantern and transepts on each side of three bays, with octopartite vaults, and a vast external porch to the south. The choir, which resembles the nave in height and arrangement, is of four bays, and in addition to double aisles is flanked to the north by a large apsidal Lady Chapel with complicated groining, and to the south by a row of sacristies. The seven-sided apse is surrounded by a procession path, and crowned with seven apsidal chapels. The dimensions are a length of 340 feet, with the breadth of 123 across the nave and 169 across the choir. The principal nave piers are deeply moulded on lozenge-shaped bases, the vaulting shafts and pier arch mouldings rising without any capitals. The spandrels are effectively pannelled, and the triforium of four lights, with pierced parapets and traceried heads set in the square, is a remarkably successful adaptation of the Flamboyant idea to that particular feature of a minster in which Flamboyant is generally most helpless. The large windows are still for the most part stripped of their tracery. The secondary piers are conceived on the same model as those of the nave, but are simpler. The transept we shall describe when we speak of the exterior. The choir triforium is of two lights, as are also the clerestory windows, which have recently had their tracery replaced.

In consequence probably of the chequered fortunes of the cathedral, the interior is unusually free from those disfiguring fittings which mar the inside of most well-used Roman Catholic churches. The restorer, by name M. Venneman, is in fact at work, and his performance deserves some credit. The new Gothic high altar, without any striking merit, may pass muster, and the painted glass prevents the glare from being excessive, while the foliated decoration of the roof is sufficient to relieve without being very oppressive. Of the yellow wash with which the architectural details are picked out it is difficult to speak with patience, while the fair show of the inside masks an act of wanton and provoking vandalism. Three years ago a noble marble Jubé, enriched with sculpture of the purest renaissance, composed of three arches—the central one open, and those at the side fitted as chapels—divided the nave and choir. Now this has been completely swept away. Happily the destroyers held their hand at this point, and spared the pulpit and the great west-end organ—exquisite specimens of wood-carving in that peculiarly refined phase of early renaissance art which seems (as in the stalls of King's College Chapel, Cambridge) to have sought the spirit of the Gothic buildings in the decoration of which it is employed. The pulpit, which stands against a pier to the south of the nave, is of modest dimensions and very delicately sculptured; above it rises the spirelike canopy of equal richness, story above story, almost to the level of the crown of the main arches. The organ we do not attempt to describe, as details unaccompanied by a sketch would be hardly intelligible. But perhaps the most remarkable among the ancient fittings is a gorgeous brass font, which stands in a chapel at the south-west angle of the nave. The date assigned to this work is 1492. The lowest slope of the base is an octofoil with ogee points; on this stands an ogeed sixfoil bearing the pedestal, surrounded by six statues of men—shepherds apparently, or pilgrims; over them swells the twelve-sided basin, like a vast cup, with its cover of similar curvature, enriched with the evangelistic symbols, and from that cone runs the spirelike canopy of three open stages, with buttresses and pinnacles. Within the lowest are figures of St. John the Baptist and an angel; on the one above, of St. John the Evangelist and a bishop. The uppermost stage represents the Eternal Father sitting under a tent, of which the drapery is admirably represented in metal, and the whole is crowned with a pelican.

The exterior of the church is most difficult to describe, alike from its former richness and from its present decay. In the days of its glory every window of the aisles and of the clerestory, all along the nave, was surmounted with a richly carved gable. The flying buttresses are triple, pinnacled and profusely crocketed, and a graceful, but now sadly mutilated, parapet caps the clerestory wall. The transept fronts are dissimilar; that to the south having its ground story faced with a large open porch, while this feature is wanting to the north. The whole of the north side of the nave is actually under restoration, and the north transept front has been completed. As far as we could judge from a too hasty inspection, the restoration has been of the thorough kind which implies the substitution of absolutely new work for every fragment of the old fabric. We are not in general much

enamoured of this kind of proceeding, but in the present instance we are unable, without a knowledge to which we do not lay claim of its former condition, to pronounce judgment. It is certain that the north transept of 's Hertogenbosch Cathedral, as it has come out, is an exceedingly rich example of Flamboyant ornamentation. The doorway is of very large dimensions, with horizontal lintels and middle pier. This, as well as the unpierced pediment, and the soffit of two orders, is charged with statues. The large window is of ten lights, with two subfemestrations; and the tracery is not only elaborate, but elegant, three roses forming its principal element. The gable recedes behind a rich parapet, with bold angle pinnacles, and is charged with a large foliated circular pannel, deeply recessed, and filled with a group in high relief. It is further enriched with an open raking parapet, spaced with little pinnacles, and bearing a more lofty one at the apex. The lantern, at present a squat tower, was formerly surmounted by a wooden spire, rising to the height of 300 feet, capped by a bronze statue of St. John, completed in 1526, but destroyed by a storm in 1584. Each face of the tower is lighted by two windows of a design as simple and effective as it is uncommon—a broad lancet, surmounted by a circle of a diameter equal to the width of the light below.

The choir, with its seven-sided apse and clustering crown of chapels, was once so exuberant in its now unhappily mutilated wealth of sculptured decoration that we feel it impossible to do more than indicate the component elements of this great treasure-house of a school of later Gothic art, which had not abjured the grand traditions of earlier ages. The gables to the ground story and clerestory, the lace-like parapets, and the multiplied flying buttresses are there as in the nave, but in place of merely rich surface-carving, iconography reigns pre-eminent. Statues in lieu of crockets, and spandrels filled with figures and groups in bold relief, compose the gorgeous decoration. Black, battered, sealing off, as this work of imagery now is, it impresses the imagination with its prodigality of invention and carefulness of execution. Is it better as it is, the genuine though wasted handiwork of the old men, or should we desire the careful production of modern hands, a copy no doubt, every square inch toolled anew, but toolled upon an accurate computation of the ancient contour, done by artisans for wages not for love, yet prompted by employers who feel the older glory and who offer money, mind, and time to bring that glory back again? These are the alternatives which underlie all great works of restoration, and the adjustment of better or of worse must be made somewhere between them. The only certainty is that, morally and materially alike, either extreme must be the wrong; it cannot be allowable either to let an old monument tumble into nothingness from our reverence, or to chip away every fragment of the genuine pile from our love. A medium there must be somewhere, incommensurate by formula, which common sense and natural reverence may decide for itself according to the special circumstances of each successive monument which passes under the restorer's hand.

Assuredly, in its days of early perfection the Cathedral of 's Hertogenbosch must have ranked in that high class of mediæval minsters of which Rheims, Milan, Wells, and Amiens are types, where the sculptor joined hand in hand with the architect to glorify the sanctuary; only in several of those churches—Salisbury, for example—the western façade alone was alive with imagery, while the choir presented plain spaces of unsculptured stone. At 's Hertogenbosch the eastern limb, more varied in its outline, more difficult to handle, but in its ritual aspect the most important portion of the church, was the chosen field for the sculptor's most elaborate achievements.

The visit to this too little known minster concluded, let the traveller take the southern line. He will be detained at Boxtel Junction for an hour or two, but time will not hang heavy on his hands if he lounges about that quaint and shaded country town. Afterwards he will roll through a flat but pretty country, where heath-clad moors and woods alternate with meadows and orchards passing from North Brabant to Limburg, by the twin spires of Eindhoven, under the ramparts of Venlo, close to the clustered towers of Roermond, and athwart its lengthened avenue of limes, until he touches the outermost spurs of the Ardennes, and anchors at Maastrict, in a border city of broad waters, Romanesque minsters, and quarried caverns whose thirty miles of alleys betoken fifteen hundred years of patient labour.

UP IN A BALLOON.

IF titles of honour were admissible in a Republic, M. Gambetta would certainly be created Prince of the Power of the Air. We congratulate the Aeronautical Society on the political and military importance which the present war has given to balloons, and we foresee that, if this country should become involved in strife, the War Office would be besieged by inventors of machines applicable to warfare, not only on earth and water, but in the sky. France is the country where the balloon was first invented, and in France the balloon has been most largely utilized. The story which lately appeared in the newspapers of a combat between two balloons was perhaps only an anticipation of reality, and when a flying machine propelled by steam has been constructed it will be easy to mount guns upon it, or to supply it with a sort of shell to be dropped into a hostile camp or fortress. There is, or was, a machine at the Crystal Palace which the inventor believes would enable him to fly, if only he could once rise from the earth. An

aeronautic theorist has expressed his firm conviction "that a practised gymnast would be able to raise himself from the ground on a velocipede by the combined agencies of the original speed, the aéronaute tail, and the propeller wings." This enthusiast believes that a man can fly by the use of his own legs and arms, but the more prevalent idea among his associates is that a machine may be contrived suitable for aerial navigation, whenever a method shall be discovered of producing steam, or an equivalent power, from some material of small weight and bulk. The requisites for aerial locomotion are, according to these authorities, first, a floating or sustaining power; secondly, light machinery which will successfully act on the air, so as to give an onward motion; and thirdly, a power to drive this machinery. A sustaining power already exists in coal gas, hydrogen, and other chemicals. A propelling machinery may be found in the screw, and in various imitations of the wings of birds. A propelling power equal to all requirements is supplied by steam; but here comes the great difficulty. The weight of engine, boiler, and water, to say nothing of fuel, is such as to render the use of a steam-engine in the ordinary acceptation of that term utterly impracticable. "Give us, however, a motive power equal to steam, but generated from only a few pounds' weight, and we shall at once have aerial machines on both the wing and screw principle, when practical experience will soon decide which is the most suitable." The speed of an aerial machine may be expected to exceed that of a railway train, but the benefits to be derived from such a machine are not to be looked for so much in speed as in cheapness and safety. When we hear that the aerial machine is safer than a railway train, we are reminded of the sailor who comforted himself in a gale of wind at sea by remembering how the chimney-pots were flying about the heads of the unlucky people upon land. But, says one authority, "the danger will always be less. The risk of collision will be nil." To compare these machines with railway carriages in that respect would be absurd. This is certainly putting the case in a novel point of view. We have heard of enthusiastic seamen saying that land was of no use except to cast anchor into and to get salt beef from. But we are now told that it is of no use at all. "The empty, vast, and wandering air" is, however, likely to be sometimes too empty for our taste. We should desire occasionally to come into collision with a hotel capable of supplying dinner and beds, and this in the present state of aeronautic science seems only likely to offer itself upon *terra firma*. We are reminded that on the wide or open ocean the risk of collision in regard to vessels is small, and yet vessels afloat are all sailing on the same plane—and this a limited one—limited by the millions of square miles of land that rise above the ocean's surface. It is certainly satisfactory to know that there is a limit to the ocean plane; and although, as the poet says, man sometimes comes too near his home, he very much more frequently finds himself at an inconvenient distance from it. The plane on which the aerial machine would move would be limited in no such way; and the machine would very likely be the only object on that particular plane, vast as it might be, as in all likelihood every individual aerial machine would move in a plane peculiar to itself. There would be no fear of running off the rail, of landfalls, or of obstacles on the line. There would be no fear of any of the dangers of the sea. This, again, is very much in the style of our naval friend who enjoyed the immunity of his skull from chimney-pots.

It might be added that in case of the application of balloons to warfare, the danger of the aerial would scarcely be greater than that of the marine service. The power of gunnery threatens to render the destruction of ships of war certain unless they carry a weight of armour which renders their destruction probable. The officers and crew whose lives have been lately sacrificed to demonstrate an elementary theorem in mechanics need not have hesitated if called upon to navigate a war-engine through the sky. A ship is sent to sea, and while the Admiral of the squadron is looking out for a gale to try her, the authorities at home are in a leisurely way completing calculations which satisfy them that she is not seaworthy. An officer who performs any hazardous military service is commonly said to carry his life in his hand; but the lives of our naval officers are carried in the hands of the Board of Admiralty, which is a much more perilous predicament. However we may laugh at the designers of aerial machines, who contemplate that "the steam should be carried up from the boiler to the points required by light tinsel pipes," the only difference between their proposed experiment and that which has been made in the unfortunate *Captain* is that the latter is more expensive both in money and in human life. The aéronauts, if ever they become a branch of fighting organization, will perhaps cause an embarrassing question to arise as to the public department which will be entitled to administer them. If a dispute should be kindled on this question between the War Office and the Admiralty, the subjects of it might preserve their equanimity by remembering that it could not greatly matter to them whether they should be starved or drowned. If they were asked whether they would choose to be placed under the War Office or the Admiralty, they might feel that they were in an analogous position to the chickens who were asked by the French cook whether they would prefer to be boiled or roasted. The Home Office, which superintends the hanging department of the public service, might perhaps with some plausibility allege that it alone possesses any jurisdiction above the "particular plane" of earth and sea; but we are quite sure that it would be much safer to go for a cruise in the Bay of Biscay in a sister ship of the *Captain*,

than to be placed for a week under the orders of Mr. Bruce. But it occurs to us that as the Duke of Argyll has presided over the Post Office, and also at a meeting of the Aeronautical Society, he would have a double claim to be placed at the head of a new department which should superintend ballooning both in its civil and military aspects. The Cabinet perhaps had better be left to settle for itself which of its members shall undertake this novel combination of various responsibilities, and we will only remark that a Minister whose duty it will be to strike the stars with his sublime head will need a moderately thick skull.

The dispute which is stated to have existed as to the precise capacity in which M. Gambetta should be permitted to save his country may be conveniently ended by appointing him Minister of Aviation. The word was invented by philosophers in prophetic anticipation of a practical necessity of the time. The special business of this heaven-sent Minister is stated to be the organization of a provincial force which shall assail the Germans in the rear, and compel them to raise the siege of the capital of France. Far be it from us to assume the function of augurs, by pretending to predict the fate of Paris from observation of the flight of this new variety of bird. But we cannot help being struck with the resemblance of M. Gambetta's mission to that of the Greek chorus who tell us that having been up in a balloon, and having talked a good deal of tall talk, they can find nothing more powerful than fate. To remove the German armies from the gates of Paris by the force of Parliamentary or other eloquence would appear about as hopeless an undertaking as the restoration of the dead to life by drugs or charms. The departments of France are at this moment in urgent need, not of an orator, but of a general. The fervid appeals of M. Gambetta to the patriotism of his hearers may enlist soldiers, but cannot supply arms, discipline, or organization. The balloon which conveyed "the hopes of the Parisian people" to the departments did not require the help of any of those ingenious contrivances for raising weight which have been discussed by the Aeronautical Society. The proclamation which M. Gambetta issued at Tours was probably composed during his voyage, while he felt himself as far above the ordinary rules of language as above the restraints of the blockading host. We, who are neither floating in the air nor even listening to M. Gambetta's eloquence on earth, may perhaps be permitted to inquire how the Prussians can be decimated by degrees even by the combined powers of the French arms, of hunger, and of cold and wet. To talk of decimating an army by degrees is, however, to use a style with which in England we are tolerably familiar. But if a literary gentleman among ourselves were to announce that he had been a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* and had been up in a balloon, and now he was come to save the nation from a numerous and well-disciplined army, we should perhaps be tempted to remark that there is a time for everything, but the present was not exactly the time for words. Talk in England has lately drowned a ship's crew, and we scarcely expect that in France it will float an almost sinking people. But by all means let M. Gambetta fulfil the mission with which he is charged. If the Prussians are not driven away by the prospect of decimation, let him threaten in another address to spilicate them if they do not depart. We do not exactly know what a threat to spilicate would imply, and perhaps the threat would be more terrible on this account; but at any rate we might expect to know at that happy moment when, as M. Gambetta promises, the genius of France shall cease to be obscured. One thing, at any rate, is certain, that France has found a statesman who is on a level with circumstances, if not above them. The mission of M. Gambetta may or may not be successful, according to the view taken of its object. But if General Trochu thought, as possibly he may, that the fighting had to be done in Paris, and the talking might with equal convenience be done outside, the balloon which carried M. Gambetta over the German lines has demonstrated the political and military value of aeronautic science.

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

ACTING with a liberality which we hope will be appreciated as it deserves, we are about to offer to dramatic authors a suggestion for the composition of a new sensational drama of the most thrilling kind. It has occurred to us that if Irish treason of the present day is, as it appears to be considered, a suitable subject for dramatic composition, there can be no objection to transfer the action of the conspirators to London. Fenian organization did exist, and perhaps still does exist, in our own immediate neighbourhood, and during a winter when Fenian activity was supposed to be at the highest point it was stated that Fenians had contemplated the blowing up of London by depositing gunpowder in one of the main drains. Now here, we think, is a new idea. Under the guidance of the sensational dramatist we have been taken almost everywhere in earth, sea, and sky, but we do not remember to have visited the sewers of a great city. Although Mr. Boucicault has "done" the underground railway, we do not think he has yet perceived the possibility of the utilization, in a new sense, of sewers. The Goddess of Dulness invites him and his brethren to follow in her gorgeous train,

To where Fleet Ditch, with disengaging streams,
Rolls the large tribe of dead dogs to Thames.

A prize is once more offered for bold diving into darkness and skilful groping among filth. Once more the mud-nymphs are prepared to greet the author who has courage to descend into their sable bowers

He will be accompanied by the scene-painter and the stage-manager, and as the mud-nymphs according to mythology were three, there need be no competition among the nutbrown maids for the possession of a new Hylas. We only hope, however, that the nymphs will moderate the ardour of their love, or that the adventurous trio will remember who are waiting for them on earth. The grief of Hercules for the loss of Hylas would be nothing to the desolation of the British public if Mr. Boucicault failed to return from his visit to the sewers. The Metropolitan Board of Works, having first elected an efficient Chairman, would proceed to institute a thorough examination of the entire system of drainage under their control. The well-known devotion of Mr. Ayrton to every branch of art points him out as the proper leader of an expedition for the recovery of a dramatic author whose loss would be to the modern stage irreparable. He would prosecute the search with the energy and success which characterize all his undertakings, and he would bear back Mr. Boucicault in his arms to the light of day, and shaking the horrors of his own sable brows he would bid him cleanse himself, and proceed to dramatize the wonders of the under world of London. The interior of a sewer would be exactly represented on the stage. The conspirators in high boots, and carrying lanterns and revolvers, would arrange their powder-barrels, and lay their train, and London would be within five minutes of destruction, when at the distant end of the tunnel would be seen a gleam of light, and sounds of trampling and splashing would be faintly heard. The conspirators, unable to escape, would prepare to defend themselves while perceiving that they were hopelessly outnumbered. An experienced playwright would not fail to improve the opportunity of introducing various important personages into the sewer. The Lord Mayor, in his robes of office carefully tucked up, would be a leading figure in the procession. A detachment of police and another of the Foot Guards would place the disconcerted rebels in a minority of one to ten. But as it is always necessary that Irish traitors on the stage should gain at least a temporary advantage over the myrmidons of law, the numerical superiority of the police and soldiers might be redressed by the simple contrivance of supposing that Mr. Bruce had deemed it his duty as Home Secretary to accompany the force employed by Government. The rebels would be on the point of triumph, when more police and soldiers would approach from the opposite direction, under the leadership, let us say, of Mr. Ayrton, as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works; while Mr. Gladstone would join the column in pursuance of his settled plan of missing no opportunity of getting into the mud, and also that he might be at hand to speak politely to the conspirators after their arrest, and thus to prevent the public mind from adopting an erroneous impression that Government meant to punish them severely. Although we may claim an exclusive property in this idea of a grand sensational effect, we freely place it at the disposal of any enterprising manager.

The latest contrivance of the sensational school of dramatic art has carried us, not into the bowels of the metropolis, but to the summits of the mountains, where we must admit that it is more agreeable to be asked to stay. It has pleased Mr. Tom Taylor to add himself to the number of those authors

Who but to sink the deeper rise the higher.

He has explored the fells of Cumberland and Westmoreland to find a new and grand scene where he may practise the most weak and stale of the playwright's tricks. A girl has two lovers, one of whom is a village schoolmaster, and the other a young gentleman who has come as a member of a reading-party into the Lake country for the Long Vacation. If any one desires to see the strongest possible example of the incapacity of English actors to represent some everyday English characters, that person may perhaps get value for his money by going to the Olympic Theatre. The reading-party are sufficiently absurd, but their "coach" or tutor, in his frock-coat, is the most ridiculous figure of the kind that has been seen since the withdrawal of *Formosa*. It is perhaps fair that as one dramatist gave us a boat's-crew of Oxford men, another should take his reading-party from Cambridge; but although it was natural that Mr. Boucicault should vulgarize that which he did not understand, we might have expected that Mr. Tom Taylor would know the difference between undergraduates and "cads." You may go to Cambridge in Term-time, and you may go to the Lakes in the Long Vacation, and you will never see anything like that which is shown to you at the Olympic Theatre. The "coach" is indeed as fabulous as the village schoolmaster who sets stiff papers in mathematics, quotes Latin when he is making love, and wins the belt at wrestling. It is difficult to determine on which side is the balance of improbability when this schoolmaster is represented as supplying a young lady who is in quest of ferns with an extract from *Columella*, or when the young lady, the daughter of a peer, is represented as expressing her surprise at the introduction of that author's name by the phrase "How much?" She is perhaps as much like a young lady as the undergraduate who makes love to her is like a young gentleman, or as the scenery of the play is like real mountains. The farmer who objects to the inroads of tourists into the Lake country would have our entire sympathy if he mentioned the sensational dramatist as among the least desired of his visitors. There is almost no limit to the number of rigs and fells and tarns which may be transferred from a sketch-book to the canvas of a theatre, and stage thunder and lightning are equally applicable to all of them. The particular form which the madness of love assumes

in the Lake country is perhaps a propensity to go up the highest mountain in the neighbourhood just when the imminence of a tremendous storm causes all rational human beings and all animals to go down it as rapidly as possible. If a young daleswoman and her rustic and her aristocratic lover all find themselves at Codale Tarn, the occasion is one of which it is eminently true that two are company and three are something else. We may think that if these young people were so foolish as to come to such a place in such a state of weather, they would not be so foolish as to remain there. But the dramatist makes the usual business of quarrelling go on in the midst of elemental strife. The debate has commenced between the rivals before their mistress appears upon the scene. If they had come provided with umbrellas, they might have engaged in a combat of novel character. But they confine themselves to a battle of words. The schoolmaster is going to throw the undergraduate down a precipice, but he checks himself. Then the undergraduate, moved by the reproaches of conscience, is going to throw himself down, but the schoolmaster checks him. A minute afterwards the undergraduate tumbles over, and his rival scrambles after him, while the girl falls senseless at the top, and the curtain descends. In the next scene we have parents and lovers in an agony of suspense as to the fate of those who are known to have been on the mountain in the storm. The "coach" and his team are about to ascend in search of their comrade, when he appears safe and sound, having luckily been arrested in his descent by a ledge of rock, upon which he rested until his rival came to his assistance. All this is what may be called the common form of dramatic composition, but only an author of established reputation would have ventured to introduce a schoolmaster who habitually talks Latin, which, however, he kindly translates for the benefit of the ladies, in order that they may not have to exclaim "How much?" whenever he opens his mouth.

It is difficult to understand how an author who has written some of Mr. Tom Taylor's pieces could write this piece, which he calls *Handsome is that Handsome Does*. The sensational experiments are vulgar, and if we take out the schoolmaster's Latin, all the talk is of the most ordinary quality. It is hardly worth while to go to Mr. Tom Taylor for this mild sort of sensation, when other authors give it to us hot and strong. There is at this moment a piece being played at the Holborn Theatre called *The Odds*, in which we get a steeplechase and a railway accident, besides some minor incidents which are more amusing than the doings of "coach" and team in Mr. Taylor's play. Our own interest in the steeplechase is indeed confined to wondering at the unquestionable fact that large numbers of people are amused at it. When a man suddenly disappears he may, for anything we can see, have fallen down a precipice. But in the steeplechase the earlier part is merely represented by figures of horses like a magnified child's toy, and the finish, which is done by real horses on the stage, is not nearly equal to the performances at the neighbouring amphitheatre. Suppose that one of the characters in a play has urgent occasion to catch a train, and states his intention to take a cab. It would be easy for a cab to come upon the stage, and for the gentleman who is in a hurry to jump into it and say "Euston Square" or "Great Northern," and for the cab to drive away moderately fast. But we should not be able to persuade ourselves that we had enjoyed a high intellectual treat. The horse which wins the steeplechase looks, we think, rather lonely without a cab behind him, and he does not go anything like so fast as he must be used to go over the stones. The horse which comes in second throws his rider, or rather the rider carefully falls off close to the winning-post. The remaining two horses walk in and simply look the audience in the face, while the audience return the compliment. In the other great sensational incident we see a man and woman struggling on the step of a railway-carriage, and another man comes from the next compartment to help the woman, and pitches her assailant off the step; and we are to suppose that he is killed. In order that this performance may be perfectly enjoyed by the audience, it is necessary that the train should remain at the same spot. Thus we get a steeplechase where the horses move with the utmost deliberation, and a railway-train which does not move at all. And yet this piece is popular, and these incidents have much to do with its popularity.

While the Holborn Theatre, which depends upon sensation, is well filled, the Globe Theatre, which endeavours to do without it, is nearly empty. The *Taming of the Shrew* does not admit of any sensational business except the combat between Grumio and the tailor, but we would strongly advise the manager to throw two or three soldiers or brigands, or both, over a precipice in *Marco Spada*. This piece was written some years ago, before the utility of precipices was fully understood. Enthusiastic pedestrians consider that mountains were created for them to climb up. Mr. Tom Taylor and other dramatists probably consider that mountains were created for people to be thrown down.

THE CESAREWITCH AND MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

THE handicap for the Cesarewitch was in some ways an undoubted success, for it attracted an unusually large number of acceptances, and an unusually large number of starters; and also it gave the good public horses, or at any rate the horses that might be supposed to be good from the positions they held in one of the great weight-for-age races of the year, as fair a chance as that numerous and generally highly-favoured class of animals known as handicap horses. It is not often that the first and third

in a race like the Leger find themselves admitted into the Cesarewitch on lenient terms; it is still more rarely that the winner of the Leger, with his 12 lbs. penalty and all, can take part in the Cesarewitch with no more than a fair racing weight for a good three-year-old on his back. Still, despite the apparent success of the handicap, it was in reality only partially satisfactory. It must be disappointing to a handicapper, whose first object is to secure a close and interesting contest, to see, after all his pains and labour, that thirty-four out of the thirty-five runners are hopelessly beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and that the crowd of spectators on the great day of the Newmarket autumn meetings cannot be indulged with even the show of a struggle. It must be disappointing also to owners who have taken the running in the Leger as a sort of gauge by which to measure the capabilities of their horses, to find that they could not have selected a worse standard to try them by. There is no doubt that, when it was ascertained that more than one horse in the Cesarewitch was good enough to beat everything that ran in the Leger, people jumped to the conclusion that the great handicap was as good as ever. It was assumed that the three-year-olds were this year of average excellence, and this was the mistake; for with the exception of Macgregor, who is *hors de combat*, they are clearly much below the average. With one horse out of the race, there would have been a good struggle for victory, and, as it was, there was a hard fight for place honours; but, of course, the real interest centres in the winner, and unfortunately the handicapper was at least a stone out in his calculations about the winner's capabilities. Of the thirty-five runners, divided into the two classes we have named, public and handicap horses, we may mention Typheus, Haworthenden (winner of the Leger), Wheatear (third in the Leger), Falkland, and Rysworth, as the most conspicuous representatives of the former, and Paganini, Barford, Rattlepate, Cardinal York, Indian Ocean, and Miss Sheppard, as well known in the latter class. The foreigners were represented by Filibustier, in preference to Adonis, about whom we may have something to say next week. Only two out of the thirty-five were saddled in the Birdcage, so that there was little opportunity of inspecting them. There was no delay at the post, and the flag fell almost at the appointed moment. The story of the race is simple in the extreme. Nightjar, and then Not Out, made the running as well as they could, but their efforts were not very effectual, as the pace was slow all through. Directly the different colours became distinctly discernible, it could be seen that, while two-thirds of the jockeys were already riding their horses, Cardinal York was going along at an easy canter, and being with difficulty restrained from coming away by himself. At the T.Y.C. winning-post it may be said that he had everything in the race beaten. He was not let out till the top of the Abingdon hill, whence he came away at a hand gallop, going further and further from his antagonists at every stride, and finally winning, without ever having been extended, by six lengths, which might have been twelve or twenty-four at the pleasure of his rider. Behind him a sharp struggle was maintained for places between Not Out, Faraway, and Barford, the first-named gaining the second money by a neck, and Barford just losing the third place by a head. Not Out, we may say, was clearly the second best in the race—such a second best as it was—and might have been more than a neck in front of Faraway. The tailing off was tremendous, despite the slowness of the pace, and many horses, Paganini for one, were pulled up when it was seen how easily Cardinal York was winning. Haworthenden and Wheatear were never able to get near the front, and Annie Wood and Rattlepate, the hopes of two powerful stables, figured in the extreme rear. The handicapper must have shared the popular impression that Cardinal York could not stay the two miles and a quarter, or he never would have let him in at so lenient a weight for a good four-year-old as 7 st. 8 lbs. Last year he was third for the Cambridgeshire to Westminster and Cerdagne, and then he carried 7 st. 12 lbs., or 4 lbs. more than now, when a year older; and two days afterwards he cantered away across the Flat from Pero Gomez and Border Knight, receiving 4 lbs. from the latter and 30 lbs. from the former. Everybody knows that he was very nearly a first-class horse, but everybody had taken it into their heads that speed and not staying was his forte, and that he was only formidable over short courses. The handicapper evidently shared the same belief, and the result is that the supposed non-stayer wins over a two-mile and a-quarter course with unexampled ease. It is particularly gratifying to the owner, we doubt not; but, without grudging him his good fortune, we should certainly have preferred to see a somewhat better race. A handicap in which one horse leaves thirty-four other horses a quarter of a mile from home as if they were standing still, is a handicap in name only.

The Middle Park Plate, on the contrary, was not nearly so interesting as in former years, when the fortunes of Achievement, of Lady Elizabeth, and of Sunshine were at stake. This great race, indeed, is decidedly on the wane, and the number of subscribers is falling off rapidly. This year there was a considerable diminution, and for next year there are fifty entries less than this year. A growing belief that the two-year-old form of this season is very moderate had something to do with the comparative apathy with which the race was regarded, and the running certainly showed that that belief was not groundless. There were seventeen runners, and the most notable absentee was King of the Forest. Those who were penalized were MacAlpine, Corisande, and Hannah (better known as the Sister to Breeze), all of whom carried the full 7 lbs. penalty attaching to winners of a race worth a thousand

pounds; while both Tullibardine and Général carried the minor penalty of 4 lbs. The remainder were unpenalized, and all who had run previously without winning were allowed 3 lbs. This was a slight alteration from the original conditions of the race, which extended the 3 lbs. allowance to horses that had never run in public. This mixed division included Fisherman and Bothwell, the representatives of the leading Northern stable, Steppe, Digby Grand, Mr. Merry's Sunflower colt, Noblesse, and Rippenden. A glance at the running of the year will show that according to public form Rippenden was entitled to the preference over everything else in the race. He ran King of the Forest to a short head at Doncaster, at even weights—as good a public trial as could have been desired; and as Mr. Savile withdrew him from one or two races which he could not have lost, simply that he might have no penalty to carry in the Middle Park Plate, and might also secure the 3 lbs. allowance, it was clear that he considered that this great prize was at his mercy. The splendid form shown in all their races by Baron Rothschild's two fillies, Hannah and Corisande, caused them to be held justly in the highest esteem; but the experience of past years made one sceptical about their being able to carry a penalty under which such mares as Sunshine and Achievement were beaten. Bothwell's public credentials were good, he having, when only half trained, run Corisande to a neck at Ascot. But, on the other hand, he was only able to beat Whaddon for the Gimcrack Stakes at York by a short head, and Whaddon is only in the second class. Besides, both he and his stable companion Fisherman evidently wanted a good deal of time, and were hardly likely to be brought out this year in racing condition. The race, as usual, resulted in the defeat of all the heavy-weighted horses, but the total reversal of public running was more than we could have expected. The winner was Albert Victor, a very good-looking chestnut belonging to Mr. Cartwright, who had run once previously at Reading, where he was beaten by Lizzie Cowl. At that time he was noticed for his good looks, and for the game manner in which he ran, but nothing further was known about his merits. He won last Wednesday like a thorough racehorse, though, being, we imagine, somewhat lazy, he had to be roused up once or twice during the race. Ultimately, however, he won with ease. The traditions of the Middle Park Plate being rather in favour of an unpractised horse, there was nothing so remarkable in the victory of this handsome son of Marsyas; the real surprise was the forward running of Steppe, who was in front nearly the whole way, and looked all over the winner a hundred yards from home. It is quite inexplicable how she could have succeeded in beating Hannah and Corisande at a difference of 7 lbs. only, when we remember that in the First October Meeting the former gave her much more than a 7 lbs. beating. Still more incomprehensible is the wretched running of Rippenden, who was never formidable at any part of the race. The showy-looking Digby Grand looked as if he must be first or second, till half-way down the Abingdon hill, when he died away to nothing. At half a mile he would probably have won the race. Hannah ran very gamely, and obtained a good third place, some distance in front of her more esteemed stable companion, Corisande. Of the remainder we need only say that Bothwell looked very big, but ran well under the circumstances, and was about fourth best in the race, and that Général looked weak and wasted. Leaving the winner out of the question, the result is that the form of the two-year-olds is a greater puzzle than ever, and this Middle Park Plate will, we think, by no means give the clue, as in former years, to the problem of the next year's Derby.

REVIEWS.

HODGSON'S THEORY OF PRACTICE.

ENGLISH writers of theoretical philosophy are, as a rule, indistinct in their statements. Our nation is weak on the abstract side, strong on the practical. If we want clear and neat definitions we go to French writers. For subtle distinction we must look to German philosophy. English philosophy, like the English language, when it quits the visible and tangible, is too often apt to lose sight of meaning. We have, or have had, writers on metaphysics, and writers who have attained great celebrity, who seem to us to have been destitute of any perception of what metaphysics are about. When a writer gravely commits to paper a statement that he can conceive a world in which $2+2$ should make 5, we feel that we cannot refute the proposition, but that to argue with its propounder on any metaphysical subject would be like disputing a question of syllabic quantity with one who is time-deaf, or reasoning upon colours with one born blind. Not to risk the invidiousness of referring to living names, we may instance Dr. Whewell. Not only a man of powerful understanding and comprehensive acquirements, Dr. Whewell had written on moral and philosophical subjects with great applause. Yet our impression on reading over, e.g., his controversy with Mr. Mill on "Induction," is that he never had apprehended the class of ideas in which the dispute lay. The metaphysical mind is a genus of intellect itself. Valuable or not, it is at least rare, and in this country especially so.

In Mr. Shadworth Hodgson we recognise unmistakably a true metaphysical genius. He does not, like so many of our writers,

* *The Theory of Practice. An Ethical Enquiry, in Two Books.* By Shadworth H. Hodgson. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

ramble occasionally into the region of metaphysics, and feel very unhappy till he emerges again into the material world; he is quite at home and at ease in that thin atmosphere. We have here to do with a writer who not only understands the meaning of the metaphysical terms he uses, but to whom metaphysical statements appear the natural, proper, and only explanation of the things and actions which occupy the rest of mankind. We may, and do, disagree with many of Mr. Hodgson's views or opinions, we may think him in error in some part of his theory, we may think him to have failed generally in making his metaphysical distinctions bear on practice, but we have the great satisfaction of meeting with one who speaks with native fluency the language in which the dispute must be carried on. Mr. Hodgson's pages, in this respect, resemble those of a German book of philosophy rather than an English book.

Unfortunately, along with the merits of a German philosophical treatise, Mr. Hodgson's volumes share in some respect the demerits. Mr. Hodgson is always distinct, precise, intelligible, consecutive; but we cannot help suspecting that he is also, at times, unprofitable. The power of drawing accurate distinctions is necessarily a power which it is very tempting to its possessor to misuse. Over-subtlety does not consist in making too nice distinctions, but in making too many nice distinctions. If a distinction has to be made, it cannot be too exact. But it is possible to go on making distinctions for the sake of making them. Distinctions which are not afterwards to be brought to bear are hardly to be defended, unless as a mental gymnastic. It is with great hesitation that we even hint at the possibility of this being the case in the present instance. Two such solid volumes as we have here before us, in which no space is wasted in amplification or illustration, in which we cannot detect a weak paragraph, require weeks of close study to master their contents. More time spent upon them would perhaps bring to light a purpose and a point in much which on a superficial reading seems to be superfluous. Mr. Shadworth Hodgson's previous volume entitled *Time and Space* has not attracted, even within the limited circle of students of philosophy, the attention to which his metaphysical powers entitle anything he may say on these subjects. This neglect may be owing to other causes. But it is worth his considering if it be not partly due to too great an indulgence of a logical faculty which disports itself for its own delectation without being made the minister and servant of philosophic purpose.

The *Theory of Practice* embraces the field commonly termed by English writers Morals and Politics. But its view is not limited by these two more familiar sciences. The author's theory embraces under a common principle, not Morals and Politics only, but Economics, Law, Speech, Fine Art, War, Diplomacy, &c.; in short, all the forms of human action. The theory starts with a position so abstract, or rather remote, that the mere statement of it affords no light to the matter in hand whatever. The fundamental position is that every phenomenon has two elements—the formal element, which is Time and Space; the material element, which is Feeling. Under Feeling, Action is included. Time and Space having been treated in a former work, the present completes the subject by offering a Logic of Feeling and Action. To this antithesis of the two inseparable elements of consciousness—namely, Feeling as the matter, and a cognitive framework or Form—the author attributes a capital importance, and it reappears again and again in every fresh discussion.

It may be said that the distinction between Intelligence and Emotion is not only known to be of primary importance, but that all systems whatever recognise such importance. Some systems may add other elements—e.g., the Will; yet all, in fact, found their classification of mental states on this distinction of Feeling and Thought in ultimate analysis. What is it that is peculiar to the present writer in thus insisting on this antithesis? Mr. Hodgson repudiates what he considers to be the common psychological theory of the emotions, in favour of one which he advances as his own. We have said that we are unable to concur in some of his analyses, and here, in the very opening of his book, is one such case. He seems to us to attribute to the common psychological theory a doctrine which forms no part of it.

The current psychological theory of Emotion, Mr. Hodgson affirms, imposes upon itself the task of accounting for the particular kind of any emotion by its resemblance to some particular kind of sensation which is its cause. For, he says, the theory is that there is nothing in the emotion which was not originally contained in the sensation. An emotion is a transformed sensation. Surely the current psychological theory does not involve this assertion. We do not pretend to say that psychology is not equal to the task of resolving emotion into primitive states of feeling. Mr. Bain has effected something like this. The origin of some emotions can be accounted for by ascertained laws of aggregation or coalition of primary muscular and other feelings. But the possibility of such resolution of Emotion lies quite outside the current psychological theory. This theory contents itself with stating the relation of Emotion to Cognition at the time that the emotion is actually experienced. There is a given representation to the intelligence of a fact or complex of facts, upon the view of which facts the corresponding emotion is excited. The emotion is the subjective sequel of the cognition. That such and such emotions arise in the percipient upon the presentation, or re-presentation, of such and such qualities perceived, is a fact or law of mind the certainty of which remains quite independent of the success or failure of any attempt to decompose the emotion. The received theory does not intend, as it seems to us, to affirm or deny anything

as to the composition, or physiological origin, of the emotion. Its point is that it directs attention to the emotion as a wholly personal, individual, and subjective phenomenon, and to the association of such subjective state with a representation. What Mr. Hodgson does really contradict is not this psychological doctrine, but the assumption of some metaphysicians that they have analysed emotion into associated sensations. He maintains that there is an original difference between sensation and emotion, and that emotion, though associated with sensation, has no other antecedent than the physiological condition of a special part of the brain, or nervous matter, the property of which is to support or produce this kind of feeling. From this it follows that the emotion is not a sequel of the representation, but a simultaneous phenomenon. The change in the character of the representation is not a cause of the corresponding change in the emotion experienced, but there is a co-instantaneous change in the two phenomena—of representation and emotion—in consequence of a change or a cause common to both.

Having laid this foundation, the author proceeds to a classification of the Emotions, which it follows is necessarily dependent on a classification of the representations which are their framework. The most general distinction is between the (1) direct and (2) reflective emotions. To these may be added two sub-classes founded by the combinations of imagination with the (3) direct and with the (4) reflective emotions. The imagination, though it should seem to be an interloper in the author's system, and to have strayed out of the "current psychology," yet, having got in, somehow plays a considerable part in his drama. These sections on the Emotions are among the best specimens of the author's treatment. They overflow with knowledge and many-sided apprehensions of the universe of things. And though it is not the author's way to cite other writers except sparingly, and though his style is not a literary style, yet we feel that we are listening to a man who has travelled over a vast surface of thought and observation. By using the word "surface" we must not be understood to suggest superficiality. Anything less superficial it would be impossible to construct than Mr. Hodgson's exposition of his subject. Yet he himself can hardly hope that any but very determined students will plough through his pages, stiffened as every one of them is with the buckram of scholastic distinctions. Mr. Hodgson himself evidently intended to instruct, not to attract, readers. Those who can be contented to be instructed will not be disappointed in these sections on the Emotions. They will not meet, indeed, with striking remarks, or detached bits of beauty, or with what is called originality of mind, or with telling illustration. No one, however, can rise from the perusal without feeling that light has been thrown upon familiar objects by unexpected juxtaposition, and by the perpetual reference to those fundamental distinctions the first presentation of which seemed so forbidding, and the continued repetition of which is so wearisome. Any one attempting to read the *Theory of Practice* upon the plan of skipping the logical arrangement and skimming the essence of the independent remarks will find that they take nothing by their short cut. The texture of the book is so uniform and continuous that it must be read as a whole. Without the illumination of the term and principles employed, all is dark.

We cite the following passage, not as a specimen of the author's scholastic method, but rather as one which seems exceptionally intelligible taken apart from its context:—

Before leaving this group of Emotions I must mention one peculiar feeling which seems to belong to it, and to be a particular mode of dread or terror, but for which I am at a loss to assign a representational framework. I speak of that peculiar kind of awe or dread which makes the night-fears of children, and at times of older people also; which seems to be the same with the feeling, often sudden and marked in the moment of its arising, inspired by lonely mountain-tops, or monuments of human agency in long-deserted places, or by caverns or woods when we visit them alone. There is, perhaps, no better name for this feeling than Eeriness. It would seem that animals are not exempt from it; that children suffer most from it; and that the unoccupied mind is most liable to it. If it should be thought, as is not unlikely, that it is a feeling or consciousness of the presence of oneself, without this consciousness being represented in a distinct shape, it would then be the emotion attending the first dawning of reflection or self-consciousness. It must be held too that men in the earliest stages of civilization are the most subject to it, and feel it the most frequently and the most strongly, and on the incitement of the greatest number of objects; that it is, in fact, the main ingredient in what is, to them, religion, but which we are apt to call superstition. And this view seems to be confirmed by the circumstance that religious feeling is the special antidote to the pain of eeriness; an antidote which combats the shadowy terror with weapons more subtle and penetrating than its own—namely, with the sense of repose beneath the protection of Almighty God, from whom no secrets are hid.—Vol. i. p. 160.

This remark might justly attract notice as a detached thought. Yet its intrinsic interest as it occurs in his pages is as nothing in comparison of its place in the classification which the author is anxious to determine; every emotion being classified by its representation, and here being an emotion of which the peculiarity seems to be that it arises upon the sudden withdrawal of all representation. It must not be inferred that observations of equal interest are thickly scattered through the two volumes. Even the most promising topics become barren under the peculiar culture adopted. No part of logic, e.g., is capable of being more attractive than that which treats of the classification of the sciences. Mr. Hodgson's section on this topic is an accumulation of verbal distinctions in which the antitheses of subjective and objective, of empirical and metaphysical, recur and recur again, without leading to any appreciable result. The substance of Mr. Hodgson's proposals for the arrangement of the sciences seems to be that he rejects the absolute system of Hegel, and that he concurs in the

principle of Comte's hierarchical scheme, but with a vast extension of it." For while Comte excluded all metaphysical inquiries altogether as a worn-out method, Mr. Hodgson's philosophy is a metaphysical positivism. It is impossible to organize all the sciences into a single series from a single point of view. The practical series is subjective, the physical series is objective, but they must be brought into harmony by means of metaphysical conceptions which are common to both. These two series—the practical or conscious, and the physical—are really only a single series with a double aspect, subjective and objective. The relativity of phenomena is the fundamental fact which determines the double series, or double aspect of the one series, of sciences. Metaphysic, as a separate body of doctrines or as a particular positive science, the centre and central moment of which is the act or moment of self-consciousness, the "Ich denke," distinguishing the object from the subject, stands at the head of both series. All the sciences ultimately hold of metaphysic. Besides this position of metaphysic at the head of both the series, it stands in a special relation to the subjective series. It is to the subjective series what mathematic is to the objective series. The rest of the practical or conscious series consists of sciences less general than metaphysic. First pure logic, then the logic of ethic, then of politic and history, then of the sciences which treat of man as an individual, such as medicine, then of the different material arts. These sciences, the logic of which is thus derived from metaphysic, still await even their formation, so that their order is as yet only partially realized. The sciences of the objective series, also having its root in metaphysic, begin with mathematic, which is still partially subjective. Of the arrangement of the remaining sciences of the objective series we find no further trace than the remark that "they can only be profitably treated objectively."

The reader who has the patience to follow this discussion in the book itself will probably think our criticism already given not unreasonable. The particular propositions advanced are not untrue; nor is the whole mental attitude of the writer indifferent or unmeaning. But while his exposition is left by him in its present highly abstract condition, not developed into results, assisted by illustration, or shown to be capable of being creative of the concrete, Mr. Hodgson must not wonder if he does not receive the recognition which is his due. Aristotle himself, if he had written nothing more than the *Analytics*, would certainly have experienced in our day equal neglect.

Mr. Hodgson, we have seen, vindicates against the Positivists the reality and importance of metaphysic. He also defends, against Comte, the method of subjective observation. One of Comte's arguments, it will be remembered, is that psychology, in requiring the observation of consciousness, requires what is impossible. A man cannot divide himself from himself, and at once think or perceive, and observe his thinking and perceiving. To this Mr. Hodgson replies that the method of subjective observation does not require such co-instantaneous application. What is observed is past states of consciousness, which is done in memory, or reintegration. Now past states of consciousness recalled in memory are objects to the reflecting consciousness as much as the objects of perception. Mr. Hodgson is also very successful in retorting upon the Positivists that their Positivism rests upon a metaphysical assumption, as much as the Ontology which they renounce. They have been unaware how much was contained in their own admission of the relativity of human knowledge. They have supposed themselves to have a beginning of speculation in the conception of "matter," a conception which is as much an "absolute" as Hegel's. The difference between two worlds, the inner of consciousness and the outer of things, is adopted as a theory without inquiry, solely because it is familiar. Its metaphysical nature is only concealed from the eye by its familiarity. Mr. Hodgson is not equally triumphant in meeting what is the real objection to the method of subjective observation—namely, that the same phenomenon can never be examined by more than one observer. This difficulty is to psychology what the "uniformity of nature" is to inductive logic. To this objection Mr. Hodgson only replies that "it is a difficulty to which all observation of the phenomena of consciousness is exposed, and not only their subjective observation." We content ourselves with asking, Is Mr. Hodgson himself satisfied with this as a reply to the Positivist objection?

One of the least satisfactory discussions in which Mr. Hodgson engages is that on the Logic of Ethic, §§ 78-83, and especially in that critical point where he has to approach utilitarian theories. Mr. Hodgson, indeed, readily gives up one standard objection to the utilitarian scheme. It used to be urged against this scheme that it requires an impossible calculation of remote consequences, if we are to decide upon the rightness of every action by its bearing upon general happiness. This objection is no longer tenable after Mr. Mill's demonstration of its erroneusness. We have acquired habits of prudential conduct, and these *media ariomata* become our practical criteria on each occasion of acting. Further than this, Mr. Hodgson admits that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is, or ought to be, the result of all conduct. But it is only an inseparable accident, added, as lawyers say, "by the act of God."

After these concessions to utilitarian opinion, the theory, as an explanation of virtue, is rejected because it places its whole trust in acquired habits, and acquired knowledge of what is preferable, and not in emotions belonging to the nature of man himself. The greatest happiness principle may be a description of the End, but it gives no knowledge of the End, still less a ground of justi-

fication for actions tending towards it. It merely supplies us with a tribunal for judging actions, a tribunal which consists of all those who happen to take the same view of happiness. Instead of a principle of jurisprudence, it gives us the custom of a court. Mr. Hodgson then proposes his own Logic of Ethic, which he considers as a truer analysis of the facts than the Utilitarian. Mr. Hodgson's Ethic is, as from his whole theory it could only be, a form of emotionalism. He endeavours to obviate some of the objections to emotional ethics by a threefold arrangement into End, Motive, and Criterion. His end or *summum bonum* is analysed into Justice and Love, two emotions—for Justice is with Mr. Hodgson the name of an emotion—depending however upon a representation, that representation being the congruity of two objects in comparison or compared. But if we understand Mr. Hodgson rightly, it is the emotion, and not the judgment of congruity, which is the End of all moral action. The Criterion by which we are to understand the *causa cognoscendi* of the right, or the reason for immediate approbation of one act over another, is also an emotion—namely, the emotion of Conscience. The End makes everything right that is right; the Criterion is not the feature which makes the act right, but that which makes us suppose it right. Thirdly, the Motive, or determining force in an act, is the greatest pleasure. Motives which have been, or may be, actual causes of choice and action, these are the material of ethic, the "matter" to be moulded by means of the two conceptions, the *summum bonum* and the "criterion." Among the *de facto* motives are always found some which are *de jure*. The practical problem of ethic is to find which are *de jure*, and to make these the actual motives.

It may be that we have not rightly apprehended the author's meaning. If so, the fault must be ours, as his exposition or style is perfectly clear and distinct. But if we have rightly represented Mr. Hodgson's view, then we must say that his scheme appears to us founded on a confusion of language or of thought. Indistinctness of idea is a very different thing from indistinctness of style. Indeed the problem of speculative ethics is one not peculiarly difficult in itself, but is made so by the want of a precise terminology. All the words our language must employ in discussing it are immersed in ambiguities. What does Mr. Hodgson mean by End? Not, certainly, the equivalent of the Greek *telos*, or he would not make a point of distinguishing it from "Motive." The unfortunate existence in our language of this word "motive" is a stumbling-block to many ethical theorists, who, because the term is of so frequent occurrence in common parlance, think they are bound to provide it with a place in any scientific psychology. Bentham, when he encountered this word on his path, was fairly beaten by it. But, further than this, Mr. Hodgson's End and his Motive are both superfluous, seeing that he provides a criterion which acts at once and directly to guide the agent. It is puzzling to find this criterion reside in an emotion, and the question immediately forces itself upon us, Upon view of *what* quality of actions is the criterion-emotion excited in us? Again, the End is professedly analysed into Justice and Love, or "the emotion of Justice perfectly fulfilled by Love; in other words, the sense of Moral Right" (ii. p. 22). It rather staggers us to find "Justice" treated as an emotion. But waiving this, and waiving further that the distinction of the "End" from the "Criterion" seems shadowy, we would ask what is the use of the whole tripartite arrangement of the Logic of Ethic into End, Criterion, and Motive, if not to explain the idea of Moral Right? Yet here, in the analysis of one of the three elements of action, in the definition of the End, we encounter the term "Moral Right" just as unexplained as it was when we began. Utilitarianism does at least, rightly or wrongly, *explain* the notion of morality. Utilitarian theory proposes its analysis of this abstract metaphysical term Right, an analysis drawn, as Mr. Hodgson says, from acquired knowledge. The result of the author's Logic of Practice seems to leave the conception where it was. The "sense of Moral Right" is the "most important feature in the End," and the Criterion is made "right" by the End being "right." We end our ethical theory under Mr. Hodgson's guidance, where we began it, without being a whit nearer an explanation.

ERSKINE'S SPEECHES.*

THE traditional reputation of Erskine as an advocate is supported by his published speeches, of which a selection has been recently reprinted. The original edition of these speeches appeared about the year 1810, and it was made the subject of two articles in the *Edinburgh Review* in which even political sympathy could not exaggerate the merit of the compositions which it undertook to criticize. After the lapse of sixty years we should be disposed, on a rehearing of the cause, to affirm the judgment formerly pronounced. We do not think that in this interval forensic oratory has advanced in England, and we are compelled with humiliation to admit that criticism upon forensic oratory has retrograded. The writer of 1810 speaks of a class of persons who are capable of admiring the poetry of eloquence, but are prevented from enjoying its music and statuary. He explains that by the poetry of eloquence he means pure diction, copious and animated description, and lively, picturesque, and fanciful illustration. These, he tells us, are "the higher merits" of the particular speech which

* *Speeches of Thomas Lord Erskine*. Reprinted from the Five Volume Octavo Edition of 1810. With Memoir of his Life. By Edward Walford, M.A. 2 vols. London: Reeves & Turner. 1870.

he is considering, and persons who are destitute of the talent required to comprehend these higher merits may perceive and even imitate the excellence of this consummate specimen of the art of addressing a jury in a case of libel. It seems odd that this critic should assume that English lawyers likely to be employed in cases of libel would recognise the skilfulness of Erskine's speeches, but fail to appreciate their higher merits. The critic and his friends who share the same exalted privileges enjoy the poetry, while the music and the statuary are left to those comparatively unenlightened persons who understand from their own experience the art with which Erskine addressed a jury in a case of libel. There has been much nonsense written recently in the shape of criticism upon art, but surely this nonsense which was written sixty years ago remains unparalleled. In our own remarks upon Erskine's speeches we shall not attempt to distinguish the poetry of these compositions from their music or their statuary.

Reducing the language of the *Edinburgh Review* to the level of intelligibility and rationality, we adopt all the commendation which it bestows on the speech of Erskine in defence of Stockdale. This trial arose out of the proceedings against Warren Hastings, and it was necessary to Erskine's argument that he should answer the charges against Hastings which had been brought forward by his own political associates. He did this with the utmost skill and caution, saying no more than he found unavoidable, and yet saying what no one who heard him could forget. During the protracted trial of Hastings a review of the articles of impeachment against him was drawn up by a Scottish clergyman named Logan, and published by Stockdale, a bookseller in Piccadilly, in the usual course of business. The review was written with great accuracy and judgment, and with strong severity of observation against the prosecutors of Hastings, or, in other words, the House of Commons. Upon the motion of Mr. Fox, the House addressed the King, praying that an information for a libel upon the House might be filed by the Attorney-General against Stockdale. This information was tried in 1789 in the Court of King's Bench before Lord Kenyon and a special jury, and the defendant was acquitted. The speech of Erskine in this case is perhaps the best, and is certainly the most quotable, of the series. It is not in general easy to gather from Erskine's speeches what some critics might consider flowers of oratory. They contain very few passages of mere embellishment. Almost every word he speaks is so closely connected with his subject-matter that the selection of a paragraph is like detaching a cluster of bricks as a sample of a house. Indeed the most brilliant oratorical effects which he produced in the speech on behalf of Stockdale are duly subordinated to his argument. He cautiously insinuates—and, finding that the jury took it well, he boldly asserts—that much of the atrocities charged on Hastings ought to be attributed to his instructions. The *Reviewer* of 1810, who quotes this part of the speech, may be accepted as a living witness of the influence of the speaker's voice, eye, and action. Only four years had then elapsed since the most powerful advocate of the English Bar had become a feeble Chancellor. The talents of Erskine raised him to the woolsack, but they could not enable him to occupy it usefully. Indeed, if he had been a better Chancellor than he was, he must have quitted office with his party all the same. The judgments of Erskine as Chancellor could not be expected to exhibit either the poetry, music, or statuary of eloquence, and they have been described by his biographer, Lord Campbell, as exhibiting a striking tenacity of thought. Even if he had the mental qualities that make a judge, he never had opportunity to cultivate them, because the qualities of the advocate, both mental and bodily, were so conspicuous in him that he rapidly attained to practice which left him no time for study. He knew enough law to start with, and he picked up more as he went along. His speeches for Hardy and Horne Tooke show that he had thoroughly mastered the law of treason, but the law with which he was most familiar was exactly that which would be least useful to a Chancellor.

To return to the speech in defence of Stockdale, it must be admitted that the English law owes much to Erskine's advocacy, although he left no mark upon it as a judge. He successfully contended in this case that the jury must look at the whole tenor of the alleged libel, and that particular passages, although in themselves censurable, might be excused if the general purpose of the work was to comment honestly upon a matter of public interest. "If," says he, "you are firmly persuaded of the singleness and purity of the author's intentions, you are not bound to subject him to infamy because in the zealous career of a just and animated composition he happens to have tripped with his pen into an intemperate expression in one or two instances of a long work. If this severe duty were binding on your consciences the liberty of the press would be an empty sound, and no man could venture to write on any subject, however pure his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow and a counsel at the other." The same idea is forcibly expressed by the parallel which the speaker draws between the pending trial and that which awaits all mankind. We are not concerned with the orthodoxy of the speaker's views of justification for sin, but only with their application to the question whether the pamphlet published by Stockdale was a libel. Every human tribunal, he says, ought to take care to administer justice as we look hereafter to have justice administered to ourselves. But upon the principle on which the Attorney-General prayed sentence upon his client, instead of standing before God in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present for omniscient examination a pure, unspotted, and faultless course?—

But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in His hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if He discovers benevolence, charity, and goodwill to men beating in the heart, where He alone can look, if He finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well-directed. His all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will His justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen, believe me this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows, that, instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best spent life, His mercy will obscure them from the eye of His purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever.

The scored matter in the book before the jury was that on which the Attorney-General relied to show that it was a libel on the House of Commons. The writer had applied to the prosecutors of Hastings—that is, to the House—the sort of language which a defendant's advocate, in speech or writing, naturally adopts. The trial of Hastings extended over several years, and the writer of the pamphlet desired that the prosecutors should not have entire possession of the public mind until the time arrived for the counsel of Hastings to make his defence. If anything was allowed to be published on the side of Hastings, the writer ought not to be nicely limited in his expressions. As Erskine says in that passage of his speech to which reference has been made, a question arose which the House of Commons should have avoided, "unless, regretting the unwieldy length of their proceedings against Hastings, they wished to afford him the opportunity of this strange, anomalous defence." The question was whether all that Hastings did was not substantially justified by his instructions. "For if our dependencies have been secured and their interests promoted, I am driven, in the defence of my client, to remark that it is mad and preposterous to bring to the standard of justice and humanity the exercise of a dominion founded upon violence and terror." It may be doubtful whether Hastings's counsel, when their turn came, were able to urge anything on his behalf more forcible than "this strange and anomalous defence." The passages which suggest the true line of this defence are, as we have said, the most quotable in these volumes, and they contain reflections on the principles of government of dependencies which are still valuable. The impeachment of Hastings was not the only instance in which England has placed herself in the moral chair and affected to be shocked at the execution of her own orders; "adverting to the exact measure of wickedness and injustice necessary to their execution, and complaining only of the excess as the immorality; considering her authority as a dispensation for breaking the commands of God, and the breach of them as only punishable when contrary to the ordinances of man." We can conceive Erskine pausing at the end of a long passage of his speech in which this same idea is again and again presented to the jury in ever varied and always appropriate and powerful language, and then adding, with that voice and look and manner which the *Reviewer* of 1810 so well remembered,

Such a proceeding, gentlemen, begets serious reflections. It would be better, perhaps, for the masters and servants of all such Governments to join in supplication that the great Author of violated humanity may not confound them together in one common judgment.

It is difficult to convey, either by abstract or by select passages, any adequate conception of Erskine's speech in defence of Hardy. It is difficult, indeed, after so great a lapse of time and change of political circumstances, to understand the arduous nature of the task which Erskine performed in obtaining an acquittal in Hardy's case. The indictment charged Hardy and his associates with high treason in "compassing and imagining" the King's death, and the overt acts which were relied upon to prove this treasonable design were the holding what was called a "Convention," and otherwise organizing agitation for reform in Parliament and ulterior objects which were more or less definitely indicated. It is easily seen now that sedition is one thing and treason is another. The proceedings in our own day of Mr. Beales and his associates might properly have been restrained, but it would have been ridiculous to accuse the mob which pulled down the railings of Hyde Park of "compassing and imagining" the Queen's death. But in the year 1789 political agitation began in France, and in the year 1793 the agitators cut off their King's head. So that, when in England, in 1794, the Attorney-General contended that regicide was the natural consequence of sedition, both judge and jury were likely to be strongly influenced by his argument. The defendants in these trials had, however, confined themselves almost entirely to talk, although it was talk of the tallest kind. The agents of Government did indeed discover a pike, and great was their rejoicing over it. A wit of the period compared the enthusiastic finder of this pike to a fond mother who embraces her firstborn infant, "and thanks her God for all her travail past." The subversion of the King's political government, and all conspiracies to subvert it, were crimes, said Erskine, of great magnitude and enormity, but neither of them was the crime before the jury. The prisoner was not charged with a conspiracy against the King's political government, but against the King's natural life. He was not accused of having merely taken steps to depose the King from his authority, but of having done so with the intention to put him to death. The proceedings of

Hardy and his associates may perhaps have been less innocent than their eloquent advocate represented, but it was a mistake to indict them for treason, and thus enable them, by a successful defence, to triumph over Government. The speech of Erskine in defence of Hardy was necessarily long, as he was obliged to examine minutely every portion of an immense mass of evidence. He was fond of representing himself as suffering from illness, or as exhausted with the labour and anxiety of preparing a defence. He also liked to find an opportunity to remind a jury that he had been a soldier before he became a barrister. His speeches make the story probable which represents Pitt as disconcerting Erskine in the House of Commons by taking up a pen as if prepared to note his words, listening for a few seconds, and then tossing away the pen. His success in the House of Commons compared with his success at the Bar was small. His success at the Bar was due to the laborious cultivation of the highest natural gifts, and perhaps it was impossible at the same time to study with equal devotion two distinct branches of the art of oratory. Yet his life was long enough to have achieved, or at least attempted, success in the House of Commons after he had established his reputation as the foremost advocate of the English Bar. He was born in 1750, became Chancellor in 1806, and resigned the next year. Thus for a few months' tenure of an uncongenial office this great orator excluded himself for the rest of his life from the full exercise of his powers. His own career gave point to the joke which he made when Captain Parry dined with the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn. The Arctic navigator mentioned that during a polar winter he and his crew had nothing to eat but seals. "And very good living too," said Erskine, "if you can only keep them long enough." He served four years in the navy and six years in the army, and he had reached the age of twenty-five before he entered himself as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of Lincoln's Inn. His attention at Cambridge was devoted to English literature, and to good purpose. He was a laborious student of law in the chambers of a special pleader, so that when he was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-eight his legal knowledge was quite sufficient to enable him to do well the business which his eloquence soon attracted. Our admiration for his unrivalled power of expression must not cause us to forget that he possessed also a clear and vigorous understanding. Let us once more repeat that the highest merit of his speeches was the strict subordination of genius to practical good sense. In this respect they are examples for all speakers at all times. If we cannot reach the altitude of his eloquence, we can imitate his self-control.

MOURIN'S COUNTS OF PARIS.*
(First Notice.)

THIS is in itself a volume of really good work, which would at any time have claimed special notice at our hands. But the great events of the present year have given it a peculiar interest which its author certainly did not foresee when he dated his preface at Angers last November. M. Mourin writes the history of the tenth century, and it is really amazing to find so large a portion of the history of the tenth century acted over again in the nineteenth. M. Mourin's story deals mainly with the events which changed the Kingdoms of the East and the West Franks, once mere convenient divisions of an overgrown Empire, into the distinct, and often hostile, realms of Germany and France. He has to deal with German Kings who ruled on the rock of Laon, with other German Kings who dealt with the Western realm as with a vassal land, and whose armies more than once appeared before the gates of Paris and Rouen. It is impossible to read such a history as this without constantly turning our thoughts to the events which are passing before our eyes. It is equally impossible for those to whom Carolingian history is a living thing to fail to be reminded by almost every event of each passing day of something which happened in M. Mourin's period, or in days earlier still. Indeed, as far as the former process is concerned, if we were inclined to forbear the comparison, M. Mourin will not let us. He forces it upon us in almost every page. His book is a really acute and learned history of the time with which he undertakes to deal. But it is also a manifesto in favour of the French claims to the left bank of the Rhine. There is something surprising in the ingenuity which can draw such a conclusion from such premisses, and that, we may add, without any direct perversion of the facts. M. Mourin tells a tale which, as read by German or even by neutral eyes, is the best of all answers to the demands of that Parisian State which, under every form of government, has never ceased to be the aggressive foe of that Eastern realm to whose princes its own Dukes and Kings once did homage. M. Mourin, in evident good faith, reads the whole story the other way. Such a state of mind is instructive. The vapouring and vaunting of the vulgar Frenchman ceases to amaze us when we see the effect of national prejudice and traditional perversion of truth on the mind of a real scholar, who has gone carefully and intelligently through every scrap of the original authorities of his period. The thought which it conveys to us is that M. Mourin would have been an historian if he had not been a Frenchman.

It is in fact by no means void of significance just now that M. Mourin, while eagerly pressing the French claims against Germany, was already a year ago as thorough an anti-Buonapartist as

France can contain at the present moment. Nay, he is far from swearing without reserve by the principles of '89. He hates centralization; he hates the artificial departments into which so many ancient States have been so cruelly cut up, and he longs for the restoration of the old provinces with something of their old provincial independence. As for the elder Buonaparte, M. Mourin never loses an opportunity of making him the subject of some damaging comparison or analogy. As for the younger, whether as biographer of Cæsar or in any other character, he comes in for as many raps as could with safety or seemliness be given him in November 1869. There is then a great deal in M. Mourin's politics with which we heartily go along. Yet with all this, he is as fervent a believer in the Great Nation, and in its right to seize on the Western provinces of Germany, as the veriest Parisian babbler. It is curious, by the light of the eleven months which have since passed, to read some passages of M. Mourin's, in which he says, as M. Thiers has said since, that, while reserving the inherent right to recover the supposed natural boundary, he does not positively recommend a war for the purpose at that particular moment. It is throughout the book most curious to watch the struggle between M. Mourin's thorough book-knowledge of his subject and the popular prejudices which his book-knowledge has not succeeded in driving out of his mind. We need not say that he does not fancy that Charles the Great and his house were French Kings reigning at Paris and talking French. But he is not the less unconsciously influenced by the talk of those who do fancy so. He cannot altogether get out of his head that there was in those days a France and a French nation, and that with that France and that French nation the Karlings had something special to do. He cannot quite get rid of the notion, even though it is contrary, not only to all the facts which he records, but to all the inferences which he himself draws from those facts. For it is M. Mourin's great object to show, in perfect conformity with historical truth, that the later Karlings were strangers to the new French nationality which in their days was beginning to spring up, that of that nationality the Counts of Paris or Dukes of the French were the true representatives, that Paris was the cradle and home of the new nation, and that Laon was essentially a German outpost. In one passage M. Mourin says with the most perfect truth:—

Il ne faut pas oublier qu'au IX^e siècle, il n'y avait pas de sentiment national. Les divers États formés du démembrement carolingien n'étaient pas encore séparés par ces lignes profondes que l'histoire a tracées plus tard entre eux. Les contemporains de Foulques [Fulk, Archbishop of Rheims] n'eurent pas l'idée de lui faire un reproche de ses démarches auprès du pape, de l'empereur Gui, et du roi Arnoul.

This was perfectly true. In the ninth century national feeling, strictly so called, was not very strong anywhere; in Gaul it was perhaps weaker than anywhere else. We must again and again repeat that there was then nothing really answering to modern France. *Francia* in the eighth century meant something of which modern France was a small part; *Francia* in the tenth century meant two things—one country forming a small part of modern France, and another country lying altogether beyond its borders. In the former state of things we can conceive a feeling, not exactly of nationality, but still of thorough loyalty to the great Frankish Empire. In the latter we can conceive any amount of local attachment to the local Duchy of France, just as much as to the local Duchies of Normandy and Aquitaine. But attachment to the Western division of the Frankish Kingdom, feeling of nationality common to Bruges and Barcelona, is a thing hardly conceivable. M. Mourin complains that the boundaries of the Western Kingdom were quite accidental. So they were; it was by sheer accident that Neustria and Aquitaine were put under one King, and their union for ages remained purely nominal. Any other combination, Neustria and Saxony, Burgundy and Bavaria, was equally possible at the time, and one would have offended national feeling—when national feeling hardly existed—as much and as little as the other. One thing is most clearly brought out in M. Mourin's own narrative. Aquitaine, at the end of the tenth century, preferred a German King at Laon to a French King at Paris. This was assuredly not from any love of Germans, but partly from a lingering reverence for the blood of the great Emperor, partly because, as Laon was further off than Paris, its King was less likely to try to make his kingship something more than nominal. The people of Aquitaine loved the Carolingian pretender well enough to date their deeds by the years of his imaginary reign; they did not love him well enough to strike a blow to set him on the throne of his forefather.

When we think of all this, and when we see how clearly all the facts are brought out in M. Mourin's own full and accurate narrative, we are really astounded when we light on such an outburst as the following. The importance of the extract, as illustrating a singular and contradictory frame of mind, must be our excuse for its length. M. Mourin has just described the retreat of Otto the Second from Paris, an event to which Frenchmen might just now fairly look back as a good omen:—

Heure unique dans l'histoire des Carolingiens, question de vie ou de mort pour eux! Au moment où se formaient les grandes nationalités modernes, lorsque déjà s'était fortement constitué l'empire d'Allemagne, il était d'une importance suprême que la France recouvrât les limites que la nature et la tradition lui assignent. Les Alpes et le Rhin, on ne saurait trop le redire, sont les frontières naturelles de notre pays. La vieille Gaule s'était étendue durant toute sa vie historique jusqu'à ces barrières faites pour séparer ses peuplades de celles de la Germanie. Sur cette surface si nettement circonscrite s'était formée une population portant, malgré des mélanges successifs, un caractère homogène, parlant même langue, adorant

* *Les comtes de Paris; Histoire de l'avènement de la troisième race.*
Par Ernest Mourin. Paris: Didier et C°. 1869.

mêmes dieux, retenant les mêmes traditions. Les Romains, en pénétrant viollement dans cette société, en modifiaient l'état extérieur, mais n'en changeaient pas le fonds. Ils s'appliquaient même à fortifier la ligne de démarcation tracée entre les Germains et les Celtes. Ils agrandirent les bourgades gauloises, et en firent les grandes forteresses de Strasbourg, de Trèves, de Mayence, de Cologne, et s'ils transplantèrent au bord du fleuve quelques peuplades d'outre-Rhin et créèrent les deux provinces militaires de Germanie première et de Germanie seconde, ils n'expulsèrent pas la race gallo-kimrique qui absorbait bientôt les nouveaux venus. Quand plus tard les Franks vinrent à leur tour se mêler par la conquête aux Gallo-Romains, ils s'attachèrent à conserver la frontière naturelle, et Clovis prouva dans les champs de Tolbiac qu'il entendait maintenir contre les Allemands l'unité du pays. Ils n'eussent pas supporté, ces fils des fiers Sciambores, l'idée que leurs premières campagnes dans leur nouvelle patrie, la Belgique et le territoire de Cologne, sortissent jamais des mains de leurs descendants. A leurs yeux la France c'était surtout la partie orientale de la Gaule ; c'était là surtout qu'ils étaient chez eux, que régnait leur esprit, que leur domination était plus complète. Les Pépins et les Karls étaient sortis de là, ils y vécutrent, ils y reposèrent après leur mort. Eux non plus n'eussent point présenté, sans une amère douleur, qu'un jour viendrait où ils ne seraient plus que des étrangers pour la France, parce que leurs descendants auraient abandonné à des mains ennemis leurs bercceaux et leurs tombes, Héritzall, Metz, Aix-la-Chapelle ! Les lois géographiques, la puissance des traditions, l'origine, les mœurs, les habitudes, les tendances, tout affirmait énergiquement la nécessité de retrouver où de faire rentrer la Lotharingie dans le royaume de France. Les populations elles-mêmes s'étaient vivement prononcées dans ce sens ; elles étaient purement françaises par leurs sympathies comme par leur histoire, et, après tout, elles ne contenait gêne plus d'éléments germaniques que ce qu'il y en avait dans les autres grands fiefs du royaume, à une époque où la teinte germanique colorait profondément la nation mixte formée depuis l'invasion des barbares. Les circonstances semblaient donc singulièrement favorables à une incorporation définitive. Si Lothaire avait compris la situation, certes il eût joué sa vie et sa couronne dans cette entreprise, d'une importance telle que, depuis huit siècles, pas un homme d'état n'en a connu une d'un intérêt aussi capital. S'il avait réussi, et avec un peu d'énergie le succès était probable, il eût peut-être rendu inutile et impossible la révolution capétienne ; s'il avait succombé, il eût du moins couché sa race royale dans un tombeau digne d'elle.

Here the Gaul of Caesar, the Western Kingdom of the tenth century, the France of to-day, are all jumbled together as they might be by the most ignorant French declaimer, and that by a writer the solid part of whose book supplies the best refutation of his occasional rhapsodies.

The chapter in which this passage is found bears the ominous title, "La Rive gauche du Rhin." It winds up in the following way :—

Depuis plus de huit cents ans la France porte la peine de la faiblesse du roi Lothaire. Le meilleur de notre histoire a été fait des efforts tentés en divers temps pour la réparer. Henri II commença l'entreprise, Henri IV en fit son dernier rêve, le cardinal de Richelieu y mit tout son génie, Louis XIV la continua avec d'éclatants succès. Louis XV lui-même eut un moment de pure gloire en lui faisant faire un pas décisif, et enfin les jeunes armées de la République eurent l'immortel honneur de l'achever. Si les malheurs de 1814, et de 1815 nous ont fait reculer de nouveau, on s'y reprendra peut-être quelque jour.

Aujourd'hui que l'Europe paraît vouloir se reconstituer sur la base des grandes lois géographiques ; que les unités nationales se reforment ; que l'Allemagne est en travail pour relever à nos portes l'empire des Othous, et qu'enfin le viciel équilibre des forces européennes est rompu, la France a le droit d'exiger dans ce renouvellement général qu'on brise les lignes factices dans lesquelles d'inintelligents traités l'ont resserré et qu'on lui rende les limites que la nature elle-même lui a tracées. Le monde aura encore longtemps besoin de la France : malgré des défaillances passagères, elle reste le foyer ardent et inépuisable des idées dont se fait la civilisation universelle. Mais pour qu'elle continue sa générosité et féconde mission, il faut qu'elle soit, sinon la plus forte, du moins l'égale de toutes les nations européennes. Elle ne fera que sauvegarder son rang en reprenant son antique patrimoine, héritage des Gaulois et des Francs, qu'elle a perdu au X^e siècle, qu'elle a toujours réclamé depuis, et pour lequel, tant qu'elle sera soucieuse de sa grandeur et de sa légitime influence, elle n'admettra jamais aucune prescription.

M. Mourin then adds in a note :—

Je ne fais pas ici de la politique courante et ne prétends pas conseiller sur l'heure une expédition du Rhin. J'ai étudié la question historique et je donne des conclusions au point de vue des intérêts permanents du pays. Tous les peuples ont leur objectif : les Russes ont le testament de Pierre le Grand ; nous, nous avons la rive gauche. Quand et par quels moyens y arriverons-nous ? Pacifiquement, je l'espère et le juge, — peu éloigné, suivant toute probabilité, — où le progrès des idées libérales réalisera, sous une forme ou sous une autre, la vieille idée d'Henri IV et de Sully.

In the next chapter we get the election of Hugh Capet. M. Mourin translates with perfect accuracy the formula of his election as given by Richer. Hugh was chosen King over the "Gauls, Bretons, Danes [Normans], Aquitanians, Goths, Spaniards, and Gascons." M. Mourin asks : "Pourquoi le chroniqueur ne dit-il pas simplement roi de la France féodale ou mieux encore roi de France ?" Simply because in Hugh's time there was no such thing as "France" in M. Mourin's sense. A King of "France" would have meant a King of the Duchy of Paris only. The different nations reckoned up by Richer mark out a fairly accurate map of the lands which accident had included in the Western Kingdom, and a supremacy over these was what Hugh and his consecrator meant to claim.

With M. Mourin's views it is a great point with him to show that Lotharingia—it should not be forgotten that Lotharingia, in the sense of those days, takes in Brussels as well as Nancy—is and always has been essentially French. Now in a certain council of Mouzon in 995, at which lords and prelates from both kingdoms were present, Richer tells us that "episcopus Virdunensis, eo quod lingua Gallicam nōrāt, caussam synodi prolatus surrexit." We take this as meaning that the Bishop of Verdun, as he was able to speak French, was set to speak for the advantage of the French guests who had just been mentioned, and we might almost infer that the speaking of French was a thing not to be expected of a Bishop of Verdun as a matter

of course. M. Mourin's comment is :— "Il s'exprima en français, sans doute parce que c'était la langue qu'on parlait communément dans la Lotharingie, bien plus française à cette époque qu'allemagne."

We have now looked through M. Mourin's book as an illustration of the effect of certain traditional fictions even on a mind the best prepared to expose them. In another article we shall deal with the volume as, bating wanderings of this kind, a very valuable narrative of a time which is generally very little understood.

LIFE AMONG THE SIOUX.*

WE all know the general nature of the process by which the Indian tribes of North America are being gradually rendered harmless, or, to use the language of the Comtists, transferred from the objective to the subjective state of existence. The intentions of the United States Government appear to be everything that is philanthropical. It does all that can be done upon paper to induce the Indian to live in peace with his neighbours, wear broadcloth, and start a newspaper press. Unfortunately these good intentions receive a very peculiar interpretation before they are put into practice. We need not ask whether it is the fault of the Government agents who cheat both parties, or of the rough Western settlers who have learnt to class the Indian with the rattlesnake and the prairie wolf, or of the Indians themselves, who have an unpleasant way of expressing their dissatisfaction with the arrangements intended for their good by massacring men, women, and children indiscriminately. Not many years ago the Indians retorted a supposed breach of faith by killing all the inhabitants of an emigrant village in Minnesota, and the State of Minnesota retaliated by offering 25 dollars a head for scalps. The picture which all travellers present to us of the existing state of things is sufficiently painful, and we are not called upon to settle with whom the responsibility rests. The palpable result is that at the present day it is impossible to anticipate any consummation but one, which will probably not be long delayed. Meanwhile there is a certain interest, though of a rather painful kind, in any description at first hand of the wronged and vanishing savages. The little book before us contains the story, told with a good deal of simplicity, of a certain Mrs. Larimer's adventures with the Indians. Mrs. Larimer apologizes for her want of literary skill, and we have no desire to criticize the book from any severe aesthetic point of view. The principal fault, as may be supposed, arises from Mrs. Larimer's occasional forgetfulness of the fact that she is not very well qualified for literary ambition, and her consequent lapses into the venial sin of fine writing. Such passages as the following remind one rather too strongly of the tract, or, rather, of the penny-a-liner :— "The whizzing arrows were sent into the hapless child, and with the twang of the bowstrings a little corpse lay stretched upon the ground, and one more angel walked the golden streets of Paradise and stood before the throne of God." Considering, too, that the poor little victim was seen by nobody between her escape from her captors and her subsequent slaughter, it is useless to give us an account of what she might or should have felt in the interval. This mode of filling up interstices by purely hypothetical passages of sentiment rather tends to shake one's belief in the authenticity of the rest of the narrative. However, we see no reason to doubt that Mrs. Larimer's story is substantially accurate, and we feel the greater confidence as it is after all a very simple narrative.

Mr. Larimer, it appears, was a Pennsylvanian, who settled in the West, and then became an officer in the Federal army. Having broken down in health, and given up his commission, he resolved to cross the plains to California, in the summer of 1864. His wife and their boy accompanied him, and at a place called Little Box-Elder Valley they and their companions were suddenly attacked by Indians. The men were killed or left for dead, and Mrs. Larimer, with another lady and her children, were carried off as captives. The most remarkable part of the story, considering the general ferocity attributed to the Indians, is the civility with which they treated their prisoners. They seem to have speculated for a time on the propriety of killing Mr. Larimer's boy. The plan, however, was concealed under a proposal to send him back to his friends on a pony, and it is only Mrs. Larimer's inference that it was "a deceitful, cunning plan of the subtle chief," who meant to knock out the boy's brains as soon as he got him beyond the first bluff. Even so, as matters are generally represented, the deceitful chief showed a certain delicacy in not performing thefeat before his mother's eyes. Mrs. Larimer, however, succeeded in obtaining his life by making a present of him to the chief, who agreed to adopt him into his family. After this transaction, the boy was set comfortably upon a pony, and Mrs. Larimer and he rode off with the savages. After a journey of forty or fifty miles the Indians encamped for the night, and one of them told a story—translated, we are told, by an English-speaking Indian to Mrs. Larimer—which sounds unpleasantly like an Indian version of a French novellette. Perhaps Mrs. Larimer has unconsciously touched it up, or possibly, amongst the other vices introduced by contact with corrupt whites, a love of sensation stories may have found its way to the Indian tribes. Having listened to this narrative, the Indians naturally fell asleep, and appear to have slept

* *The Capture and Escape; or, Life among the Sioux.* By Mrs. Sarah L. Larimer. London : Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

very soundly. Mrs. Larimer at any rate got up in the middle of the night, took her boy, and started in the direction of civilization. Considering that the child was only seven years old, that they were many miles from the nearest fort, that they had nothing to eat, and that the Indians were well mounted and certain to pursue them, the escape was certainly courageous. Their captors followed them; they managed to miss the trail—whether it be, as Mrs. Larimer tells us, that the stories of their extraordinary skill in tracking the faintest footstep are gross exaggerations, or whether, as she also supposes, they may have been misled by her accidentally crossing in the darkness a bed of thorny eactus, which they would naturally suppose to be an unlikely path for a woman with bare feet. To whatever circumstances her escape was due, Mrs. Larimer and her boy wandered for four days through a country where water was only to be found at long intervals, and where the only articles of food which they discovered were an egg and a toad. The last was carefully skinned, and put by in case of urgent necessity. At night they heard the howling of wolves; by day they were nearly scorched to death; and once or twice they caught sight of prowling bands of Indians, and had some difficulty in concealing themselves. Ultimately, however, they came in a state of great exhaustion to a party of emigrants, who gave them hospitable entertainment, and took them to Fort Laramie. Mr. Larimer was also discovered, severely but not fatally wounded; and with proper American versatility, having lost all his property in the captured wagons, he sent for the necessary materials, set up as a photographer in one of the Western States, and appears to be now engaged with his wife and family in the process of living very happily ever afterwards.

Mrs. Larimer naturally gained a great reputation on the strength of her adventure, and indeed she seems to deserve much credit for her courage and energy. It does not follow so plainly that she is a great authority on the manners and customs of Indian tribes, and she modestly intimates that her day's journey with them does not justify her in accepting such a position. However, with or against her will, she seems to have become in some sense a public character, and, having spent five years in the neighbourhood of the Indians, she fills the remainder of the book by anecdotes drawn from her experience. Some of her remarks are taken from familiar sources, such as Catlin's account of the Indians, and are commonplace enough; but we may spend a few lines on her anecdotes of women and children who, like herself, have fallen at different times into the power of the savages. Mrs. Larimer tells us as emphatically as most recent writers that the Indian of Cooper's stories is a purely fictitious being; and that the Indian of real life is a sordid, ferocious, and untamable character. It is therefore curious that most of her stories rather go to their credit than otherwise. This, for example, is the history of a Miss Elizabeth Blackwell. Miss Blackwell, it seems, went with her parents and her two sisters to Salt Lake City; where her father became a disciple of Brigham Young's, and speedily received a vision directing him to take another wife. His obedience to the mysterious command "produced a little unpleasantness in the family"; and finally, on occasion of remonstrance from Miss Blackwell, her father flourished his knife so emphatically as to destroy the sight of one of her eyes. She, with her mother and sisters, hereupon tried to escape across one of the great mountain ranges, not being so well satisfied as Mr. Hepworth Dixon with the peculiarities of domestic life in the land of promise. The fugitives were overtaken by a storm, and all except Elizabeth frozen to death. She was rescued by Indians, who took her to their camp terribly frostbitten, so injured indeed that both her legs had to be amputated above the knee. The Indians consider her to have been sent to them by the Great Spirit, and treat her so well that she prefers to remain with them. Occasionally she sees white men, and relates stories, one or two of which, we are assured, "are quite interesting." The principal one tells how a white woman was tortured to death for shooting an Indian chief through the head, and is only instructive in so far as it appears that her screams under the process, mixed with the jeers of her tormentors, were more than Miss Blackwell could bear, and that this interesting lady benevolently procured her instant execution. Another anecdote relates to a Miss Fletcher, whose father, mother, and little brother and sister, were massacred, but who appears to have become perfectly reconciled to an Indian life. A third tells us of three little children who were spared, apparently from some superstitious feeling, when their parents were killed. The eldest boy, who was only eight years old, wandered off with his brother and sister, and was discovered next day by an Indian. He pluckily prepared to defend himself with a clasp-knife; and the Indian, apparently touched by the child's courage, took the whole party in his canoe, and conveyed them for two hundred miles to a white settlement. The escape, we may add, made a sensation in San Francisco, where a benefit was given them at a theatre, and their story was made into a ballad and sung with great effect by Miss Fanny Blodgett.

There are sundry other stories of a similar kind where white women and children have been preserved, and apparently treated with tolerable kindness, by the Indians. As a rule, however, the rest of the family have been massacred; and it must be admitted that these more favourable instances are contrasted by a general uniformity of horrible brutality, met by a nearly equal ferocity on the part of the civilized population. To the reader in a distant country the most unpleasant circumstance is the utter vulgarization of the whole business. There is nothing left that can by any pos-

sibility be made picturesque. The old backwoodsman may have been as rough as the modern gold digger; but he had something characteristic about him, instead of being a mere repetition, under altered circumstances, of the blackguard population of great towns. The noble savage has been hopelessly degraded; and, though he keeps up some of the good old customs of scalping and torturing wanderers, he is no more like his original self than the modern thimble-rigger is like the gipsy of former days. We do not so much mind murders, when they are committed at a great distance from our own homes, nor even a wholesale massacre or two so long as it is attended by picturesque circumstances; but it is vexatious to think that the picturesque is being exterminated, and that even the extirpation of a whole race of people is becoming uninteresting by the sheer vulgarity of the actors.

BIRD'S PHYSIOLOGICAL ESSAYS.

IN his recent volume of reprints from Indian medical journals Dr. Robert Bird shows himself an ardent and painstaking physiologist of an ultra-materialistic type. If he has not actually sat at the feet of Lawrence, he has imbibed much of the spirit of that great surgeon, and is at all times glad to lean on his authority. Whatever alarm doctrines of this strongly marked type may have aroused in the public mind a generation or two ago, we have grown too much accustomed to them nowadays to dread the submergence of all that is spiritual, ideal, or aesthetic, not to say religious, in philosophy or faith, in a flood of materialistic physiology. After Condillac and Combe and Draper, we can still point to landmarks standing above the flood; and we can estimate at their true value such pearls as the most daring explorer has to bring up from the depths of the ocean of fact, while reserving our own view as to their due and proper setting in the chapter of truth. Together with much careful reading Dr. Bird has brought together many results of personal study and observation, which have a value in themselves, however they may seem to be narrowed in their application, or to suffer from the want of adequate correlation with phenomena of no less truth and weight in the economy of life. In his paper on "Differences in Men," Dr. Bird begins with a protest against the vulgarly received view of man as consisting of two parts. Man is composed, people commonly believe, of "a framework of certain tissues in which certain fluids are contained, and of a certain unknown essence which we name mind." It is further admitted, though Dr. Bird can hardly think it is commonly believed, that what man is pleased to call his mind can act independently of matter. We have now changed all that. "Investigating the matter as human and reasonable beings, and by the aid of science, we are unable"—at least Dr. Bird is unable—"to discover any sure grounds," or, he would rather say, "any grounds, on which to rest this opinion." Even if Gall and his followers have failed to show whereabouts in the brain each of the several mental faculties resides, still physiologists of Dr. Bird's school believe that "each immaterial faculty has its own material habitat or organ, well defined by nature, if not yet discovered by man, and that differences in the manifestations of the mental faculties depend on or arise from differences in the size or in the quality of these organs or habitats." This theory explains, we are assured, many of those problems and apparent inconsistencies in nature which disturbed and distracted the philosophers of antiquity; and further, "it is in strict accordance with the moral constitution of man, as has been shown so ably and piously by Mr. George Combe." By a simple reference to this theory not only is the wisdom of the philosophers of antiquity reduced to folly, but an end is put to the functions and labours of moralists, metaphysicians, and divines for all time. "We at once understand why one man is more proud, more ambitious, more avaricious, and so on, than another, and why the virtues of a good man should, by contact with physical suffering, degenerate into the rank vices of a bad man." In the millennial age of universal physiology, which Dr. Bird with prophetic vision sees approaching, we shall be able, he is convinced, "with visible and tangible apparatus to gauge man with as much ease as we now gauge planets, and to predict his behaviour with as much certainty as we now foretell the advent of eclipses and the movement of the planets." It may be, he allows, a long time before we shall be able to trace with certainty all differences in our mental capacities to differences in the structure of our bodies. "Still on this account we are not to be frightened from our belief that all mental differences have this origin, nor hindered from investigating and recording, in consequence of this belief, the material differences which abound in the members of the same species when compared the one with the other."

We shall not, on our part, be debarred by fear of finding our mental or moral capacities reduced to mere corporeal functions from taking account of the very interesting facts which Dr. Bird has accumulated as materials for his theory. The facts of histology have a value of their own altogether apart from such hypotheses as may be built upon them by speculatists of either extreme school. It has been attempted to connect the capacity of the mind with the size or weight of the brain. The specific gravity of the muscular tissues has in like manner been made a test of physical strength or of fatty degeneration of the heart or of other muscular organs. Too little account has however been taken, as Dr. Bird rightly remarks, by phrenologists and

* *Physiological Essays.* By Robert Bird, M.D., Bengal Army. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

physiologists, of the different *quality* of the tissues. He has taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by professional practice among the natives of India in order to study carefully this aspect of the subject. He presents us as the result with a succession of valuable tables, under the respective heads of I. National Differences; II. Sexual Differences; III. Differences characteristic of Age; IV. Temperament Differences. The first of these tables tends to show that the specific gravity of Europeans is greater than that of natives of Bengal as 1.018 is to 1.001. From the superior energy of the European some such result might have been predicted. Not so perhaps the higher degree of heat in the European (98.68 to 97.25) indicated by the thermometer in the mouth. The analysis of the blood goes to show that the Bengalee has more albumen and fewer red corpuscles than the European, comparing Dr. Bird's observations with those of Rodier, Le Canu, and others. What does this poverty in corpuscles indicate? The blood of animals low in the scale—that of molluscs, for instance—contains no red corpuscles. As we trace upwards the vital scale we find these bodies make their appearance few in number in the lower fishes and reptiles. They assume greater proportions in the higher fishes and reptiles, and so on till they attain their maximum development in carnivorous animals and birds. This gradual increase appears to indicate a connexion between the number of the red globules and the degree of organization. Andral and Gavarret found an increase of red corpuscles accompanying an improvement in the breed of animals. Depletion and starvation have a contrary effect. These bodies are sensibly deficient in the blood of the aged, the chlorotic, the scorbutic, and those who live much shut out from light and fresh air. The apathy of the Bengalee is doubtless due in a measure to a deficiency of red globules in his blood, as compared with the more sanguine European. The like difference has been shown by Becquerel and Rodier, following up the original observations of Le Canu, to exist between men and women. In Dr. Bird's second table the red corpuscles are in men 141.10, against 127.20 in women. The solids of the serum are, on the other hand, in women as 79.52 to 77.80 in men; and water as 791.10 to 779.00. This applies of course to men and women of the same country. Science, Dr. Bird remarks, may in time enable the men of one nation to say to the men of another, "Your blood resembles in its constitution the blood of our women." The differences corresponding to temperament have been equally demonstrated by the test of figures in the case of the sanguineous and lymphatic of both sexes.

Dr. Bird proceeds to classify in detail the agencies whereby the tissues of the body are changed through life. These are use, social condition, climate, mixed parental influence, and hereditary transmission. Upon the first three of these five heads we find Dr. Bird laying down summarily much the same conclusions as we have seen elaborated with immense trouble and fulness by Mr. Buckle. He has not much to add to the chain of proofs by which it has been sought to connect the whole physical and social development of man with the conditions of food, climate, and the aspects of nature. Where our author seeks to introduce into the problem a more distinctively physiological element is in his remarks on the phenomena of hereditary or transmitted qualities. How are we to explain the anomalies which perpetually meet us in sickly children sprung from healthy parents, and the reverse—plain people giving birth to beautiful offspring; genius like that of Aristotle or Newton, Homer or Shakespeare, from parentage of what kind nobody knows? Dr. Bird falls back here upon Vrolik's treatment of Teratology, the branch of science which regards those deviations in structure named monstrosities. Going back to the origin of life in the individual, he conceives in the instant of impregnation certain tendencies or capacities irregularly or unusually communicated to the ovum, which issue, under conditions laid down by teratologists, in exceptional growths, whether on the side of excess or defect. If asked what actual forces regulate the communication of these hypothetical tendencies or capacities between parent and embryo so as to issue in the mental phenomenon which men call a prodigy or a genius, or, on the other hand, in "fetuses without brains, or to fetuses whose heads are partitioned out like the heart of a frog or a fish," Dr. Bird is candid enough to reply, "I do not know." He is content to leave the solution wrapped up somewhere in what he confesses himself, "in his ignorance," to have named Mixed parental influence. We fail, for our part, to see what good has come from broaching the subject at all, if after all it is simply made "apparent that the so-called laws of hereditary transmission are mere resting-places for our minds, wearied with seeking after truth, and that we must refer the unusual phenomenon to a cause or causes with whose nature we are yet unacquainted." As regards the transmission of acquired, or, as he prefers to put it, improved qualities, Dr. Bird inclines to Mr. Combe's belief that these are capable of transmission, subject to the continued application, in the case of children, of those agencies which produced such acquisition or improvement in the parents. Among these we presume him to include both mental and physical aptitudes, insanity as well as bodily disease. Had he attended the recent meeting of the British Association he might have fortified his argument in its bearing upon the mixed class of cerebro-physical disease by the unmistakable fact, demonstrated by M. Brown-Séquard, that epilepsy artificially engendered in a guinea-pig has been reproduced in its offspring. So confident is Mr. Bird in the soundness of his method, that he contemplates bringing the subject of crime within the scope of physiological tests. The minute structural and functional differences which

exist among members of the same species and families are to form the basis of differentiation:—

When a sufficient number of these is known, we shall, I think, classify men, not according to their nation, but according to the nature of the materials of which their bodies are composed. And when it is definitely admitted that men have taken their characters from contact with the physical influences among which it has been their lot to be cast; that nations and tribes take their places in the human scale according to their physical good fortune or their physical bad fortune; that the inhabitants of swamps and jungles are necessarily of lower organization than are the inhabitants of breezy and well-cultivated uplands; that through physical excellence it has been ordained we should attain unto moral excellence; that men must necessarily progress towards perfection, because the physical universe is changing and daily becoming fitter for the growth of a higher race of beings—it shall then be seen what a glorious career is yet before the human race. We shall then cease to regard ourselves as battling our way through life, Ulysses like, the prey of unreasonable doubts and superstitions; and turning our backs upon the night for evermore, and our faces towards the reddening east, we shall walk forward in the strength of a scientific faith—a faith in the certainty, regularity, and, in the aggregate, the upward tendency of all things—to meet the coming day.

In his paper on Idiosyncrasy these principles are pushed to still more extreme and startling conclusions. Consciousness itself, to define or explain which has so sorely exercised the souls of psychologists or metaphysicians, is reduced to no more than a property possessed by the spinal as well as by the cerebral vesicles. "It is the fundamental property of nervous matter in which all other properties are overlaid." "Memory is a property also possessed by the vesicular matter of the spine and brain." "On consciousness and memory, according to the degree of differentiation which the tissue has undergone, we have appetite, hunger, lust, &c.; instinct, such as to make fire, build honeycombs, houses, dams, &c.; feeling—anger, gratitude, hope, &c., and intelligence overlaid." We should expect to find Dr. Bird on the side of Dr. Pinel and other French physicians, who have maintained that sensation and emotion can be maintained both in the spinal process and in the brain after the head is severed from the body; a theory which it was sought in vain to verify in the case of the murderer Tropmann. The same laws apply to conclusions and generalizations. "Conclusions are those conditions of the cerebral motions when in concentrated form they tend to pour themselves upon the muscles, and so become transmuted into walking, talking, writing, the gestures of passion, &c. This pouring of the cerebral motion on the muscles is what we call the exercise of the will, and the character of the so-called voluntary motion will be according to the locality of the grey matter in which the conclusion reached is situated. A man will be lustful, avaricious, ambitious, intellectual, according to the tissue in which the point of attention around which the cerebral motions gather is oftenest placed." Truth and falsehood, it appears to Dr. Bird, depend on the tone of the tissues rather than on the process of differentiation, as also courage and cowardice. "When the cerebral motions habitually converge in the highest brain-tissues then he thinks we have the phenomena of intelligent adoration." It is certainly interesting to watch by the light of the most recent and extreme physiology the hypothetical genesis of the saint as well as of the hero and the sage, even if we feel less sanguine than Dr. Bird as to the inherent power of the new system to produce them without limit and without fail. He comes more within the limits of what we regard as sensible and practical in his essay upon Drink-craving. His experience in India has provided him with many facts of interest and importance bearing upon the disposing causes of this disease and the methods of restraint or cure. What his aspirations tend to is the establishment of a sanatorium, specially organized and legally constituted, for the compulsory reception of confirmed drunkards. Such a reformatory, under the name of the Spin Huis, existed in the last century at Amsterdam. Institutions of the same kind are said to exist in the United States of America, and to be springing up in Scotland, as in the Isle of Skye. For such a reformatory in India he points out a most desirable site at Kangra, where a large portion of the European troops are cantoned. Of total abstinence and of the pledge he has nothing but hard things to say. He has often observed that teetotalers are great scandalmongers. Others, in virtue of the abstinence which they practise, are vain of and ostentatious about their superior goodness; and others again are excessively libidinous. "Pickpockets are so, and they are exceedingly temperate." He has found teetotalers as a whole to be selfish, uncharitable, and badly qualified for the offices of friendship. They have, too, excesses of their own. When they are not great smokers, they are most probably great tea-drinkers, great swillers of ginger-beer, or great gluttons. Dr. Bird is as forcible in his way of uttering his views as he is in pushing them to their utmost limit. In both respects he does much to undo the influence which his ability, zeal, and candour might otherwise entitle him to exercise upon the public.

BEAUTY TALBOT.*

EVERY one knows the story of the clergyman who, when preaching the condemned sermon to some convicts who were to be hanged on the morrow, left off with the assurance that he would give them the rest of his discourse on the following Sunday. One can imagine the grim smile that must have come over the face of these miserable men as they reflected that for them at last there was some consolation provided, and that, if they had to

* *Beauty Talbot.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., Author of "Bella Donna," "Never Forgotten," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1870.

be hanged, at all events they had never again to be preached at. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has called to our mind this old story when he concludes a novel as foolish and tedious as ever sermon was by informing his readers that the continuation of "the history may be traced on another occasion." We almost regret that for us there is no such certainty of escape as there was to those who were somewhat similarly threatened by the chaplain. We do not indeed know that we would rather be hanged than read the sequel of *Beauty Talbot*. Perhaps when the rope was round our neck we might at the last moment prefer the author to the hangman. Nevertheless at the present time, with the memory of these three volumes still fresh in us, we do not feel quite certain of this. If Mr. Fitzgerald had merely announced his intention of writing another novel we should not have felt it so deeply, if indeed at all. However severe may be the sentence that the critic passes on a novelist, he as much expects to see him come up again before him in about a year's time as does the judge when he sentences some hardened housebreaker. But just as the judge's anger would be greatly roused if the housebreaker in the dock were to announce his intention of continuing the very burglary for which he had been arrested, so is the critic not less incensed when the novelist in the last page threatens to add three volumes to that which was already three volumes too long. In the present case we felt the more indignant as the blow that came upon us was quite unexpected. The plot was getting wound up in the orthodox manner, vice was discomfited and virtue was triumphant. The good heroine to be sure was not married, and but few pages seemed to be left for the ceremony. We are so used, however, to the rapid action at the close of the third volume that we had no anxiety, as we had often observed that the last chapter of a novel rivals even the supplement of the *Times* in the number of its births, deaths, and marriages. But when we turned over the last page and saw no sign of the wicked heroine being killed off or of the good heroine being married, our hearts sank within us, and we shuddered as we read that "in truth their story is but incomplete." Why our author should have hesitated to conclude his story we can scarcely understand, for he must have been fully as weary of it as is reader. Everything had been arranged for the proper ending, as the good heroine had been long provided with a rich young lover, and the wicked heroine was to start by the night express for Paris. All that was required was the intervention of a parson and a drowsy signalman; the one to bless the nuptials, the other to cause a frightful collision. We should have had a conclusion in every way moral and satisfactory, for while the virtuous Olivia would have obtained that reward of all good young women, an early marriage, the malignant Emma would have shown that even in the days of express trains there are judgments still. As it is, we fear that for three further volumes virtue is to be persecuted and vice to be triumphant, and that those who may be anxious to learn whether two good young people get married, and one wicked woman gets repentant or killed, will have to struggle through some 900 pages more of what Mr. Fitzgerald is pleased to call a history.

When we reflect upon these novels in three volumes, each volume containing 300 pages, we do not know whether most to complain that a reverence for the mystical number 3 has led our authors to be thrice as tedious as they might otherwise have been, or to congratulate ourselves on the fact that it was 3 they selected, and not the next mystical number, 7. For indeed, as far as we can see, there is no reason why superstition or fashion, whichever it be, should not have demanded 700 pages to a volume and seven volumes to a novel. Those who, when like the needy knife-grinder, they have no story to tell, can still fill 900 pages in telling it, would not be embarrassed even if they had to fill 4,900 pages. We have long wondered under what fashion a novel grows even to its present extravagant dimensions. Does it grow, as grows a living body, from within, or rather does it grow, as grows a rubbish heap, by additions from without? In other words, when an author has written a story, and applying to it his three-volume rule finds that it is too short, how does he set about lengthening it out? Some, we imagine, go through it all again, and everywhere make a small addition. The easiest way to do this is first to treat the adjectives like the policemen in the most dangerous parts of London, and never to let them do duty singly. Nothing can be more easily done than this, for all golden hair is no doubt silky golden hair, and all blue eyes are violet-blue eyes. By the aid of a dictionary of synonyms the substantives can be treated in like manner. There is a further advantage in this, that when the author conveys an idea in two sets of words, it can scarcely be his fault if the reader does not grasp it. For instance, in Mr. Fitzgerald's description of an evening party we might have been puzzled to know what is the precise meaning of "ball-room-glades." When, however, he couples them with "bosquets made for dalliance," and describes them both as "an agreeable *cul-de-sac*," we feel at once that, if we are still perplexed, it is our understanding, or our ignorance of polite society, and not his language, that is at fault. In general we should imagine this doubling of the adjectives and substantives would be sufficient, and the proper bulk of three volumes would be thus attained. If not, nothing would be easier than to compel every one to make love at greater length, or to die more slowly. Those, however, who prefer the other method of swelling their story, and who merely heap further materials on what they have already accumulated, would seem at first to be under more embarrassment, as they have already brought their story to its proper end. If, however, a general in the course of a campaign is wounded or killed off, another is appointed to succeed him. We do not know why, if in

the novel the hero or heroine dies inconveniently early, successors should not equally be found for them also, to carry out the story to its legitimate number of pages. When Achilles was killed off, Neoptolemus had to be brought in to finish the siege of Troy. And though Homer neither killed off the father nor brought in the son, that was no doubt merely because he lived in those uncivilized ages when a poet's reward did not exactly depend on the number of lines that he wrote. A further analogy, too, may be found in the economy of the bees; for it is well known that, when the queen dies, the other bees set about feeding up a common grub into a royal bee. In like manner, the novelist, on the premature loss of his heroine, can so bring circumstances to bear on one of his most ordinary characters as rapidly to convert her into an heroic substitute. But it may be that the story is only half a volume or so deficient, and so does not admit of a new heroine. There surely must be left one or two characters capable of a murder, or of some other of the ordinary crimes of fashionable life. If, as is not unlikely, the regular allowance of murders (one to a volume) has been already reached, or perhaps exceeded, there are happily other irregularities in the moral and physical world which present unsailing interest.

A large majority of the novels that come before us seem to have been written on one or the other of these two plans. In every case there is more or less of a plot, but it rarely happens that the plot is of such a complicated nature as to require three volumes for its development. To fill up the vacancies, either words are inserted or incidents are heaped on. No doubt, with careful practice and study of the best models, a novelist in time learns to write diffusely, and acquires the art of at once saying in three volumes what in the days of his ignorance he could have only said in one. We may, without incurring the suspicion of flattery, congratulate Mr. Fitzgerald on having attained to this degree of excellence. Indeed, when we see the number of pages that he has filled when he has had nothing to say, we are lost in reflection as to how much he would have written if he had anything to tell of. We can apply to him the words that Dr. Johnson used to the gentleman who took eight minutes to tell how he had been bitten by a flea. "It is a pity, sir, that you have not seen a lion; for a flea has taken you such a time that a lion must have served you a twelve-month." Though this gentleman was tedious, we believe that he succeeded in making himself perfectly intelligible, and that his audience thoroughly grasped the fact which he wished to bring before them. In this he certainly has the advantage over Mr. Fitzgerald, who is always tedious, but not always intelligible. We could have wished, for instance, that he had added a note of explanation to such a passage as this:—"With all the hard crystallization that had grown round her heart in that household—the damp, unwholesome, graveyard fungi, which had so unhealthily crept over her soul in defiance of her struggles," &c. Mr. Fitzgerald, we presume, must assign very different localities to the heart and the soul, for otherwise he would scarcely venture to raise a growth of churchyard fungi on hard crystallization. How fungi creep, and why this young lady, if in spite of her struggles she was to have her soul covered by them, was to have that variety which grows in the graveyard, we do not find explained. Her husband had certainly just died, but as he had been buried on the rock of Gibraltar, they could scarcely have come from him. Moreover, he was a good man, and was deeply regretted by his widow.

The reader need not be under any apprehension lest he should always have his intellect strained by such passages as these. The more physical or metaphysical part of the work is agreeably relieved by the light talk of fashionable society. It is pleasant to turn away from the crystallization and the fungi and to listen to the conversation of a young lord:—

"What, old Fazakerly? He never could do anything without somebody. Ha, ha! Yes, Labouchere would shine out there. And near old Lady Fazakerly, Mrs. Labouchere—whom I've not had the honour of knowing as yet—would shine without much exertion. Poor old Tow-Row Faz! She was high comedy, or rather farce."

The plot of the story can happily be described in a very few lines. A retired manufacturer, as vulgar as he is wealthy, comes into a country district and is somewhat slighted by the rural aristocracy. The Hon. Mrs. Talbot, "the queen of the district," who is especially patronizing and rude, finds, however, her match in Emma Hardman, the manufacturer's daughter, who is by no means disposed weakly to yield. She offers Mrs. Talbot fair terms of peace, but when these are refused there was, we are told, "in her eyes a challenge, and a venomous one." She commences at once a brisk attack, marries the gentleman who ought to have married the Hon. Mrs. Talbot's sister, and on his death runs off with the Hon. Mrs. Talbot's husband. Happily his daughter is able at last to save him from this "hideous, ever-leering siren, whose cold fingers seemed to clasp his arm, and try to drag him over, with a hideous marine coquetry." It is of such a story as this that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., holds out to the world the hopes of a continuation.

ANDERSON'S LIFE OF THE DUKE OF KENT.
THE author's modest preface takes his book beyond the reach of criticism, except so far as the intrinsic value of the materials is concerned. He professes himself a mere amanuensis,

* *The Life of F.-M. H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent: Illustrated by his Correspondence with the De Salaberry Family, never before Published, extending from 1791 to 1814.* By Dr. Wm. James Anderson, L.R.C.S. Edin. Ottawa and Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1870.

the medium for communicating to the world a valuable correspondence that has come into his possession. It appears that a Literary and Historical Society exists at Quebec, the object of which is the recovering, preserving, and publishing of documents and information illustrating the history of British North America. Of this society Dr. Anderson is President, and at one of its meetings he read a paper founded upon the correspondence in question. The success of the paper led to its expansion into the present work, and although the title of Dr. Anderson's book is perhaps somewhat pretentious for its matter, yet it is so far justified that the contents are decidedly more biographical than historical. It is nothing more than a fragmentary sketch of the Duke of Kent's life, yet it has the merit, so rarely met with in much more elaborate biographies, of leaving us with a very vivid conception of the Duke's character. The author, when he speaks in his own person in the brief intervals between submitting us to a succession of original documents, shows little of the special pleader. He leaves the letters to tell their own story, and, considering that they were written to a provincial family in a colony, and certainly without the faintest foreboding of their publication, they may be accepted, so far as they go, as unimpeachable evidence. Their testimony is harmoniously and irresistibly favourable to the character of the writer. Dr. Anderson has done posthumous justice to a prince who had scanty justice done him in his lifetime. Men's good works live after them, and the disinterested and generous interest which the Duke of Kent took in the fortunes of the family of the Salaberrys has borne its fruits after the lapse of more than half a century. Viewed in that light, all the letters are valuable; regarded in any other light, many of them could only have a very passing interest even for the gentlemen to whom they were addressed. The Salaberrys were a noble Basque family—poor probably, as most of the Basque nobility were—who had gone to the New World to repair their fortunes in the days of the French dominion. M. Louis Ignace de Salaberry was head of the house when His Royal Highness Prince Edward arrived in Canada in command of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. Forthwith between the two commenced an acquaintance which grew into a friendship that never flagged. The Prince, we are told, was "an able and voluminous correspondent," and Dr. Anderson furnishes us with ample written proof of the assertion. Among all the distractions natural to his age and rank, among official engagements which he tells us himself gave occupation to half a dozen of overworked secretaries, the Prince found time to write to his friend, and often to write to him at almost excessive length. De Salaberry was a poor man with a numerous family, and relied upon Government appointments for making the two ends meet. The Prince was indefatigable in promoting his interests; not only did he attend to them while himself in power, but he watched over them carefully when he was recalled and almost disgraced. M. de Salaberry had several sons, who all adopted the profession of arms. As soon as they became of age to carry the colours, their zealous patron obtained commissions for them. Nor did his patronage consist in throwing them out into the world to sink or swim. He watched closely each step of their careers, neglected no occasion of pushing them in the service, gave them his advice and the means of acting upon it, provided them with the necessary introductions to their military chiefs, and on occasion opened his house and purse to them as to children of his own. Men in high places often make favourites and advance them, but it is seldom that they give proof of the genuine nature of their interest by imposing on themselves no little personal trouble. As son after son gets to a point in his career where there is a choice of paths, it is pleasant to see the Prince carefully weighing advantages and disadvantages in their most minute details, as if it were a personal question, and giving satisfactory reasons why he shall exert his interest in a particular form. Nor was the Prince himself one of those favourites of fortune who had only to ask and have. The best part of his life was passed in the cold shade of disfavour; he was looked distantly on at Court, and was little liked in his family, while his brother at the Horse Guards was something very like a personal enemy. When he asked for his protégés, he had often to submit to rebuffs that he felt keenly, rebuffs that would have chilled at once a less warm heart. He was a thoroughgoing friend, but by no means an unscrupulous one. He did not fall into the fashion of the day in holding patronage to be matter of favour quite irrespective of merit. He had satisfied himself that the De Salaberrys deserved his countenance, and they did their best to prove him in the right. Three of them, all of great promise, were cut off prematurely, and in rapid succession. All three died appreciated by their commanders, and lamented by their brother officers. The eldest son, and the sole survivor, Colonel Charles de Salaberry, distinguished himself as "the hero of Châteauguay," a victory which Dr. Anderson has done something to redeem from ungrateful oblivion. Yet it was an affair to be proud of, and deserved to be remembered were it only as one of the few English triumphs in a calamitous and discreditable war. In a forest engagement Colonel de Salaberry manœuvred his 300 men so as to repulse the American general with 7,000, and avert the threatened invasion of Canada.

The Duke of Kent appears to have been one of those men—often the most sterling characters—who with good cause attach to themselves devoted friends, but who are very generally unpopular. He had a firm will and a severe sense of duty, in days when duty had gone very much out of fashion. He was in advance of his times and contemporaries, and held liberal views on certain subjects when liberal views were denounced as revolutionary. He seems never to have been a favourite with his father; was very little at Court;

was kept much abroad in a sort of honourable exile, and in the matter of income and allowances was treated with exceptional narrowness and severity. From first to last he was always in debt, and, as Dr. Anderson demonstrates pretty satisfactorily, unlike his brothers, from no fault of his own. He was essentially an unlucky man, and *à propos* of his ill fortune we may quote, as evidence of the dangers run by our commerce seventy years ago, that five times in succession the ships carrying him his outfit were captured by the enemy's cruisers. Had not Dr. Anderson given the names of the vessels and the circumstances, we might suspect the story; the marvellous coincidence sounds so like the hackneyed resource of an embarrassed man colouring an awkward balance-sheet. Then the Prince was generally on indifferent terms with his brothers, especially with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who as Regent and Commander-in-Chief respectively were masters of the situation so far as his pecuniary affairs and professional prospects were concerned. Prince Edward was bred a soldier, and he turned out a thorough soldier of the old school, with its faults and its merits. His soul was in his profession, he made duty paramount so far as he was concerned himself, and he had no sympathy with any subordinate who shirked it. He was a martinet, and, as even his admirers seem to have admitted, was apt to push discipline to vexatiousness and justice to severity. At that time, it is true, discipline had relaxed, even in fortresses of the first importance, to a point which we can hardly conceive, and which implied an extraordinary connivance on the part of the authorities. Any man setting himself to reform necessarily attacked a system of disorganization, and addressed a tacit reproach to every one concerned, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the rank and file. At Gibraltar no unprotected woman could walk the streets in broad daylight, except at peril of gross insult if not of actual outrage. Old soldiers held it a matter of *esprit de corps* to get systematically drunk, and the officers in their way and degree were to the full as lax as the men. Prince Edward was sent out as Governor, and set himself at once to his ungrateful task. We can conceive, from what we hear of him, that his system was rough and ready, and had more of the *fortier en re* than of the *navier en modo*. There was universal discontent, and more than one attempt at open mutiny. But discipline was restored, the garrison brought into creditable condition, and the place made habitable by civilians. The Duke's reward was his recall, although he still nominally held the appointment; and, more insulting still, the very Governor was restored to the Rock whose loose rule had reduced it to a state so discreditable.

As a man of decided views, earnest spirit, and an energetic turn of mind, the Duke might have devoted his involuntary leisure to public affairs. But his father had invariably discouraged his wishes in that direction, and even after the King's illness Dr. Anderson explains that the son's filial duty shrank from an act of disobedience which would have displeased the invalid in the event of his recovery. When, however, it became obvious that the King's state was hopeless, the Duke made his appearance in the House of Peers, and took a part in its deliberations. He voted in favour of the consideration of the petition for Roman Catholic relief, and assured the House "that he believed that the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities was the first general measure by which the pacification of Ireland could be effected." During his long residence in Nova Scotia he had had ample opportunity of studying North American politics, and Lord Durham expressed his opinion that "no one better understood the interests and character of the colonies." That Lord Durham was right seems demonstrated by the fact that in 1814 the Duke advocated that union of the colonies which has since been realized. His wedded life was a brief one. For five-and-twenty years Madame de St. Laurent "had presided over his domestic arrangements, possessing to the fullest extent his confidence, esteem, and affection, and sharing his joys and sorrows." But in 1818, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, when the perpetuation of the succession became matter of anxiety, the marriage of the Duke of Kent was made a question of State policy. It may be worth while quoting the language of Mr. Brougham in the preliminary debate in the House as to the pecuniary arrangements. Mr. Brougham said:—"He was persuaded that if the Committee were to vote on the ground of personal character or the private conduct of the illustrious individual in question, the motion would at once be disposed of, for he would venture to say that no man had set a brighter example of public virtue—no man had more beneficially exerted himself in his high station to benefit every institution with which the best interests of the country, the protection and education of the poor, were connected, than His Royal Highness." The letters which Dr. Anderson publishes show that this was no formal flattery, and that the high praise was not undeserved; and he has done a service to history, as well as to the subject of his memoir, in placing one of the sons of George III. in a light so favourable.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE name of Dr. Strauss^{*} is so completely identified with one famous book that not many persons, in this country at least, have any adequate idea of his merits as a man of letters. In fact, however, few men possess higher claims to distinction in this department, if we confine the term to its proper acceptation as denoting

* Voltaire. *Sixs Vorträge*. Von D. F. Strauss. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

the possession of elegant culture and a critical intellect, and do not extend it so as to embrace the original genius to which literary excellence is not an end but a means. Few men of equal celebrity have added less to the world's stock of original ideas than Dr. Strauss, but, leaving theology entirely out of the question, there are few whose judgments on the ideas of others are more characterized by candour and discrimination. The neglect of Dr. Strauss's miscellaneous works is no doubt partly due to the general disposition to regard the secular writings of a theologian as the occasional amusements of his leisure, but partly also to the German nature of their subjects. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we find him undertaking a theme of general interest, certain to command an extensive audience, and to call the best qualities of his intellect into action. The appreciation of Voltaire's various character, manifold abilities, and prodigious influence demands as much equity, sagacity, and versatility as any ethical and literary problem. It need hardly be said that Dr. Strauss is strongly biased in favour of Voltaire as the champion of free thought and toleration, and that it is very disagreeable to him to have to find so much fault with his hero as historical justice imperatively requires. This tenderness, however, is not manifested by any suppression or even softening down of repulsive traits or questionable actions, but is rather apparent in an omission to accord to these their due weight in a general survey of the character. Dr. Strauss draws the actual personage faithfully enough, but, like Guido painting the colour-grinder, he keeps his inward eye on the ideal Voltaire, the conception of what Voltaire ought to have been with his rare gifts, and the splendid and unique part assigned to him in the world. This ideal insensibly takes the place of the actual character; and although Dr. Strauss has certainly not dissembled Voltaire's profligacy, insincerity, malice, and inconceivable lack of self-respect, we cannot help feeling that these things are scarcely allowed to count for as much as they ought. On the other hand, Strauss has scrupulously avoided anything like formal apology or panegyric. He does not urge, as he might have done with perfect justice, that the very secret of Voltaire's power lay in his marvellous versatility and adaptability, that a character so constituted must of necessity be deeply affected by surrounding influences, and that the Voltaire of Ferney is very different from the Voltaire of Berlin or Paris. Voltaire's inestimable services to liberty of thought and conscience are certainly not overrated here, and his character as an author rather suffers from Dr. Strauss's inability, consistently with his plan, to enter into a formal analysis of his works, or to adduce specimens. The plan of the work is that of a course of lectures, the arrangement is chronological, with an occasional pause to take a comprehensive survey of some department of Voltaire's multifarious activity, and a constant endeavour to group his writings as far as possible according to the subject. The ease and mastery evinced in the handling of so complicated a theme are very noteworthy; the style, as is always the case with this author, is animated and perspicuous. Dr. Strauss is one of the few German writers who do themselves justice in this respect. It seems that the work was undertaken at the suggestion of Princess Alice of Hesse, to whom it is inscribed. Such an act on Her Royal Highness's part appears to imply something more than a merely formal or official patronage of literature.

Professor Krause's narrative of the three captures which Constantinople has hitherto undergone*—at the hands of the Crusaders, the Nicene Greeks, and the Turks—is, like his other contributions to our acquaintance with the Lower Empire, a meritorious compilation, falling far short of the dignity of history. The materials so copiously and assiduously amassed are vivified by no stroke of descriptive or dramatic power; a better idea of the characteristics of the Byzantine State may be gained from almost any page of Gibbon than from Professor Krause's entire volume; and nothing but his evident interest in his theme preserves him from becoming insupportably tedious. This interest, however, is a redeeming point, and the reader can hardly help participating in the author's Byzantine sympathies, expressed as they are with an artless candour which is more captivating than the most plausible rhetoric. Professor Krause's plan has, of course, permitted him to be more detailed and circumstantial than Gibbon; he is more liberal in citations from original authorities, and his work may thus be consulted with some advantage as a supplement to the *Decline and Fall*; though it is surprising how little scope the condensed erudition of Gibbon has permitted to the ambition of his successors. Among the special features of Professor Krause's book may be mentioned his interesting disquisition on the topography of ancient Constantinople; and his translation from a Turkish historian of the final siege, which is, however, very hard reading on account of the flowery extravagance of the style, as it appears to a Western taste. Original matter and original views are scarce in these pages, and the general impression they convey is that the author is better qualified to shine as an archaeologist than as an historian.

We have not seen Herr Jäger's first two volumes on the history of the Punic wars†, but we trust that they kept the promise of the title-page better than the third, which contains scarcely anything on its professed subject. There was room for a really valuable book on the

Third Punic War, which, excepting as regards some of the most picturesque incidents attending upon the fall of Carthage, is but little known even to well-informed readers. Herr Jäger, professing to relate it, ignores it almost entirely, and presents us in its stead with a biography of the elder Cato, whose connexion with it may almost be summed up in one memorable speech. We hear much of Perseus, Eumenes, the Scipios, Cato's agricultural precepts, his views on Greek philosophy—of everything, in short, but the Carthaginians. As a biography, however, the book has merits; it is clear, graphic, and readable. Cato is conceived in the usual, indeed the only possible, way, as the champion of the old stern Roman simplicity against the civilization of Greece. The writer sees clearly that, however dignified, this was an untenable position, and that Cato's antipathy to social and intellectual refinement proceeded fully as much from insensibility to their charms as from dread of their abuses. It may even be added that the coarse elements in the character of the Romans, so faithfully represented by Cato, were a danger instead of a safeguard, leading them, when once fairly subjugated by the allurements of Hellenic civilization, into excesses from which they would have been preserved by a more acute susceptibility to refinement.

Ottokar Lorenz's essay on the mediæval historians of Germany*, from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the fourteenth century, contains as complete a biographical account as can now be given of these writers, who were for the most part quiet students, little exposed to the observation of the world, and not very solicitous to transmit their names to posterity. Much, however, has been retrieved by the diligence of modern scholars. Herr Lorenz also gives a pretty full account of the contents, and a careful appreciation of the merits, of the individual histories, and his work may be recommended as an agreeable handbook of the subject, incidentally comprising a very considerable amount of interesting matter. The arrangement is geographical, the writers being grouped according to the districts where they flourished, or the annals of which they have written.

Dr. Adolph Wagner's pamphlet on the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine † is a terse and spirited *résumé* of German public feeling on the subject. Its chief value consists in its character as a representative production; for we cannot suppose that the author himself lays much stress upon his arguments to prove that the wishes of the population need not be consulted, or on his attempts to show that the principle of nationalities, out of respect to which, and by no means from motives of aggrandizement, the annexation is to be effected, is wholly inapplicable to the cases of Posen and North Schleswig; though he thinks it well to advert to these considerations for decency's sake. One interesting feature in the work is an elaborate, and we are willing to believe accurate, tracing out of the line of demarcation between the French and German-speaking population of the disputed provinces. It excludes Metz and Belfort, to which the author acknowledges that his arguments are not applicable. Another curious chapter is that on the disposal of the annexed districts. The conclusion is that they should be handed over to Prussia. One of the reasons assigned is significant and ominous; it is that the Prussian frontier would thus be made contiguous to Switzerland. We commend this consideration to the careful attention of German Republicans.

Dr. Pichler's book on the reform of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany ‡ would be a very significant book indeed if it were the production of a Roman Catholic, but, as the work of a Protestant, it can be held entitled to no more weight than may be due to the intrinsic merit of the views propounded in it. These are sound enough from a Protestant point of view, but on that account little likely to prove acceptable to the Liberal Catholics of Germany, to whom they are addressed. It is the distinguishing principle of this party that Liberalism is not incompatible with Catholicism, nor Reform synonymous with Protestantism. Dr. Pichler, who denies the infallibility not merely of Popes but of Councils, would sever every link that united them with ecclesiastical tradition. Some effect may possibly be produced by his animated remonstrances with Liberal Catholics on their gradual declension in public spirit since the days of Joseph II., and on their omission to resist recent Papal encroachments, such as the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, by which the way for the present assumptions has been prepared. There is also a vigorous exposure of the general degeneracy of the Catholic Church in Germany, the increasing subserviency of the clergy to the bishops, and of the bishops to the Pope, and the melancholy decay of ecclesiastical learning and Biblical criticism, which have been found as superfluous with an infallible Pope as was the Alexandrian Library with an infallible Koran. The author's chief practical suggestion appears to be that the German Governments should take the administration of the Church into their own hands. It is certainly true that the civil power in Roman Catholic countries has hitherto left the priesthood without protection against the arbitrary caprice of the bishops, and that the clergy cannot reasonably be expected to be

* *Deutschlands Geschichtsquellen im Mittelalter, von der Mitte des dreizehnten bis zum Ende des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von O. Lorenz. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

† *Elsass und Lothringen und ihre Wiedergewinnung für Deutschland.* Von Dr. A. Wagner. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die wahren Hindernisse und die Grundbedingungen einer durchgreifenden Reform der katholischen Kirche zunächst in Deutschland.* Von Dr. A. Pichler. Leipzig: Fues. London: Nutt.

[October 15, 1870.]

ardent advocates of ideas and institutions from which they personally derive no advantage.

"The problem of human existence must be regarded as solved." So runs the first sentence of the third part of Dr. Büchner's "Man's Place in Nature"—the smallest of books on the greatest of subjects. All the rest breathes the same spirit of easy, complacent optimism. The subject is supposed to be the application to political and social organization of the materialistic principles propounded in the two preceding parts; in reality, however, the views thus enunciated belong to the commonplaces of advanced Liberalism everywhere, and possess little that is distinctively characteristic of any peculiar school of philosophy. There is nothing very alarming or extravagant about them; indeed the writer's dislike of communism is significantly indicative of the gulf which must always exist between the theoretic liberalism of men of property and refinement and the thorough-going democracy of the proletarian class.

Der Welthandel †, a commercial and industrial Review, is a new publication of much promise. It consists of a number of articles treating of special manufactures or raw products, interspersed with general views of the trade and industry of various parts of the earth, from England and Germany down to Formosa and the Fiji Islands. These memoirs appear to be compiled with great diligence, and abound with interesting information. Each number is accompanied with a résumé of the commercial intelligence of the month.

A Treasury of the English and German Languages † is the somewhat magniloquent title of an excellent English-German Dictionary, which supplies a real want, nothing being in general more detestable than the English-German portion of most Dictionaries comprising both languages; where the English vocabulary might seem to have been selected at random, but for the compiler's determined preference for whatever is obsolete and vulgar. Dr. Cauvin's own vocabulary is not entirely free from superfluities of this description, but in general it is classic as well as copious, and the value of the work is much enhanced by the numerous explanations of peculiar idioms.

Dr. Deecke's essay § on the derivation and compounds of terms in the German language denoting affinity is a very successful effort to revivify what Emerson calls the fossil poetry of language, by pointing out the deep original significance of the most homely and familiar expressions.

* *Die Stellung des Menschen in der Natur*. Von Dr. L. Büchner. Lief. 3. Wohin gehen wir? Leipzig: Thomas. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Welthandel*. Illustrierte Monatshefte für Handel und Industrie, Länder und Völkerkunde. Stuttgart: Maier. London: Nutt.

‡ *A Treasury of the English and German Languages; forming a Companion to all German-English Dictionaries*. By Joseph Cauvin, LL.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

§ *Die deutschen Verwandtschaftsnamen*. Von W. Deecke. Weimar: Böhlaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

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Table.	Desert.
2 1.	5.
15 6.	12 6.
22 6.	16 6.
27.	21.
30.	22.
34.	27.
35.	28.
46.	33.
23.	19.

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1	2	3	4
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1.	2.	3.	4.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
73 15.	0 24.	3 10 12.	5 3 19 9.
Brushes and Tur- nery	17 1.	7 15.	9 10.

Total per Set

90 10. 7 39 13. 8 18 12. 5 7 6 6.

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